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THE NEW YORK SENATE, by a strictly party vote of twenty-six to twenty-four, has passed a resolution for a sweeping investigation, by a legislative committee, of the government of New York City. A Republican majority in the Assembly makes the investigation seem assured, with Justice Samuel Seabury as counsel. Never was a thoroughgoing and non-partisan inquiry worse needed. The authorizing of this investigation may well save Governor Roosevelt from serious embarrassment. When charges were presented to him recently asking the removal of District Attorney Crain from office, he acted within a day by appointing Mr. Seabury commissioner to investigate the charges, having had the advantage in the meanwhile, however, of a conference with Mr. Crain and John F. Curry, leader of Tammany. When the City Affairs Committee, however, presented charges against Mayor Walker similar in substance and even in language, the matter was more serious, and after some days the Governor sent a copy of the charges to the Mayor in California, asking him to make such reply as he chose promptly on his return to New York, which was expected in about ten days. The unexpected passage of the resolution for a legislative inquiry may make it unnecessary for the Governor to take action on the Walker charges, which result would doubtless not be entirely unwelcome to the leading contender for the Democratic Presidential nomination. Notwithstanding the great power of Tammany, however, the Governor, if he hopes for progressive support in his national political ambitions, would be well advised to free himself of all suspicion of alliance with that organization.

IT IS GOOD NEWS that the Farm Board will not speculate in the 1931 wheat crop. In making this announcement the board declares that "it cannot follow a regular policy of buying at prices above the market, paying heavy storage charges, and selling below cost"—a conclusion which it might have reached eighteen months ago. So it urges farmers to reduce wheat acreage by 20 per cent in order to cut output to domestic requirements and make it possible with the aid of the tariff to keep American above world prices—another unsound policy. The board contends that its emergency "stabilization" operations have made millions of dollars for the wheat-growers by keeping American prices from twenty to thirty-five cents above the world market; but it does not tell what will happen to prices and the supposed gains of the farmer when it unloads its holdings of possibly 200,000,000 bushels. It does not and cannot tell us what its losses on those holdings are going to be, but we do learn that it does not intend to sell wheat in a way that would adversely affect the market. If so, it is likely to hold it a long time. Even the announcement of the new policy made prices drop. Farm Board speculation has been an inevitable and disastrous failure, and has not even fooled the farmer. We shall be glad to see it brought to an end.

MR. HOOVER has more than once been guilty of shabbiness, but never more so than in his treatment of Senator Wagner, Democrat, of New York. The Senator is one of the few men in the upper house who has made a serious study of unemployment. He is the author of the unemployment bills first introduced in the Senate three years ago and reintroduced in 1930. Mr. Hoover found it necessary to veto these bills, in a statement whose facts were contradicted by a number of responsible and well-informed persons, among them Industrial Commissioner Frances Perkins, Mary Van Kleeck, Paul U. Kellogg, and John B. Andrews. But he had finally come to the conclusion that something should be done about unemployment—or employment, as the Administration prefers to call it. He favored an investigation. To this end he appointed John J. Leary, formerly labor reporter on the New York *World,* to study conditions in Europe, except Russia; and for the Senate committee proposed to survey the problem in this country we see as chairman Senator Hebert of Rhode Island and as second Republican member Senator Glenn of Illinois, both of whom have shown themselves to be hostile to Senator Wagner's ideas concerning unemployment insurance. Oh, yes; the minority member is to be Senator Wagner, Democrat, of New York.

WHILE EUROPE has been debating the possibilities of a general customs union and apparently concluding that the thing won't work, Germany and Austria have

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quietly arranged a customs agreement of their own and are holding it up to their neighbors as an example. The plan, in its main features at least, seems extremely simple. Both import and export duties up to 90 per cent of the trade between the two countries are to be abolished, and the remaining 10 per cent are to disappear within three years. Each country, meantime, will continue to collect tariff duties on other imports, but the net proceeds, after making provision for the s rvice of the Dawes Plan loan and the League of Nations loan to Austria, will constitute a common fund and be divided between the two countries on some plan to be agreed upon. The right of each country to conclude trade treaties with other countries is reserved, as long as the Austro-German agreement is unimpaired. If other nations want to join, they will be welcomed. France, of course, sees the tariff agreement as a long step toward the forbidden union of Germany and Austria, and the documents will be attentively studied to see if anything should be done about it, but it seems a safe guess that the agreement will stand. It is rather hard on M. Briand and the League, however, to have the Central Powers step out briskly before the rest of Europe has even got into line.

THE TREASURY SITUATION is causing concern in Washington. In the budget message the President, on the basis of Treasury figures, estimated the probable deficit for the fiscal year ending June 30 next at $180,000,000. The Treasury some time ago raised this figure to $500,000,000, and latest indications are that it may reach $700,000,000 or more. Mr. Mellon has little better luck in figuring deficits than he had in estimating surpluses in the good old days of Coolidge prosperity. Income-tax collections due March 15, as thus far reported, have proved highly disappointing. Customs receipts during the fiscal year up to March 19 were only $278,000,000, leaving a long way to go to reach Secretary Mellon's estimate of $502,000,000 for the year. The situation clearly suggests the need for an increase of taxes, but with a Presidential campaign casting its shadow before, the Republicans will strain every nerve to avoid it. The suggestion is already being considered of reducing sinking-fund payments on the public debt, despite the opposition to such action expressed by the President in his budget message. It is an unsound procedure that ought not to be adopted. If the needed tax revision should actually be undertaken, the legislators ought not to overlook the large measure of success that has attended Mr. Mellon's years of work in taking income and inheritance taxes off the wealthier citizens.

THE NATIONAL WEALTH of the United States in 1929, according to the estimates of the National Industrial Conference Board, was $361,800,000,000, or $2,977 per capita, and the income $84,000,000,000, or $692 per capita. The board's income figure for 1928 was $78,000,000,000, compared with an estimate of $89,000,000,000 by the National Bureau of Economic Research. Such figures vary widely according to different methods of estimation, yet they are useful as giving some suggestion of the possible level of economic well-being. Assuming that all income were available for consumption, which it is not, the Conference Board's figures would give us less than $700 each to live on in the year of peak prosperity. This figure makes the 504 incomes of $1,000,000 and upward reported in that year appear a bit high by comparison. The way to get the most out of wealth, however, is not to try to divide it up with crude equality, but to take a steadily growing proportion of the national income to make adequate communal provision for all our universal needs, such as health and education, for example. We need to get rid of our absurd idea of the utility of the enormous incomes with which we overpay a few people, and begin to tax such incomes out of existence, if we are not ingenious enough to make them otherwise impossible. At the same time, we must realize that we are rich enough to meet adequately and regularly the fundamental needs of all our people, provided we are prepared to organize our economic and social scheme to that end. But we shall have to do some hard thinking first.

A FREE SPAIN, as far at least as participation in the municipal elections scheduled for April 12 is concerned, should be the result of King Alfonso's London decree, provided, of course, the King does not change his mind and again clamp on a censorship. In eleven words the decree reestablished constitutional guaranties in all the provinces of Spain. Freedom of the press and of public meeting and discussion had already been granted in the last days of the Berenguer Government, but the search of domiciles without a warrant remained, and that has now been abolished. The restoration of constitutional privileges probably means that all parties will take part in the elections. Whether they will all take part in the later national election will depend, apparently, upon the result of the voting on April 12. If the municipal vote shows a strong Republican trend, it is to be feared that the King, naturally averse to jeopardizing his throne, may again impose a censorship, in which case the Socialists and Republicans would undoubtedly persist in their decision to boycott the national elections. On the other hand, a distinct monarchist trend in the municipal elections would increase the influence of the Constitutionalists, a center party moderately favorable to the Crown, insistent upon constitutional procedure, and unfriendly to republicanism. The events of the next two weeks may decide whether the London decree is to stand, or is only to mark an interlude in a long course of political repression.

IN THE CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN of *The Nation* for March 18 was published a letter from Portland, Oregon, telling of the confinement in an insane asylum of an eighteen-year-old schoolboy, Mike Kulikoff, as punishment for having been caught reading two of Lenin's works. Since then, we are informed by the International Labor Defense, a strong campaign for his release resulted in having him placed in the custody of the Portland attorney for this organization. After a few brief hours of freedom, the boy was recommitted to the insane asylum. It appears that the Kulikoff case is but one example of the excesses to which Oregon officials are resorting in the new red scare sweeping that State. According to the International Labor Defense, numerous persons known to be or suspected of being Communists have been arrested in recent weeks; seventeen of these persons are now awaiting deportation; thirteen others are being tried under the criminal-syndicalism law. One man, Ben Boloff, has already been convicted and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. Another, Fred Walker, organizer for the Young Communist League, was acquitted. The Ore-

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gon newspapers are said to be supporting the drive against the Communists with a strong editorial campaign denouncing "convict labor" in Russia.

A "MYSTERIOUS PEACE," according to the Federated Press, has been effected between the outlaw miners of Illinois headed by Alexander Howat and the United Mine Workers of America headed by John L. Lewis. Under the terms of the truce, so far as they have been disclosed, it appears that the Illinois organization has been turned over to the rebel officials, with the exception of Howat, and this group is to rejoin the international union upon the understanding that Lewis is to remain the international president. In other words, the two-year fight to break down the reactionary control of the United Mine Workers has failed. Lewis has surrendered the Illinois district, which is to remain under the control of the rebel officials, with the exception of Howat, in return for increased security as the head of the larger organization. The Illinois organization as a separate group has been broken up by its officials, John H. Walker and Harry Fishwick, who have asked the rank and file of the miners of that district to renew their allegiance to the international union as represented by Lewis. They have at the same time abandoned their efforts to establish a rival international, doing so on the ground that such a course could lead only to the destruction of the mine workers' solidarity in this country. It may be noted, however, that the peace was arranged without Howat, who was the real leader of the movement to break up the Lewis machine by creating a rival union. That he will feel encouraged to go on with his fight, in the face of his desertion by his strongest supporters, the Illinois miners, is questionable.

THE KNOWLEDGE that an operation of the most complicated sort could be had for not more than $253.50, including the surgeon's bill, thirteen days of hospital care in a private room, and operating and anaesthesia fees, would do much to remove the financial dread of hospitals and illness that now exists in every middle-class mind. The Baker Memorial Hospital, newest addition to the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, guarantees just that; and in practice it offers even more favorable economic terms to that great majority of people who desire and are able to pay a reasonable price for medical service—those who do not want charity and cannot afford the fancy prices that at present make a surgical operation seem like nothing so much as grand larceny, except that it is the victim who receives the punishment. The Baker Memorial, with a capacity of 330 beds, provides ward care for from $4 to $5.50 a day; a private room costs $6.50. But the most interesting point about this new haven for "white-collar" patients is the fact that no doctor is allowed to charge more than $150, no matter what operation he performs—and since practice in the Baker Memorial is restricted to the staff of the Massachusetts General, good care is assured. The maximum figure of $253.30 is arrived at on the basis of a fee of $150. As a matter of fact, the average cost for each of the 1,973 patients cared for during the hospital's first ten months was $158.94, divided into averages of $94.49 for hospital charges for thirteen days and $55.71 for professional fees. To those out of range of the Baker Memorial the most remarkable thing about it is the fact that, although well endowed, it plans to be self-supporting.

THE FEDERAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES, in approving, through a majority of the members of its Committee on Marriage and the Home, the use of contraceptives, is bringing the Protestant church into line with the prevailing modern thought. For it is idle to deny that whatever they publicly profess, the majority of intelligent and informed men and women do contravene the law against the use of contraceptives. The Catholic church, almost single-handed, persists in denouncing any form of birth control short of complete continence. The Federal Council of Churches committee was composed of twenty-eight persons, of whom all but six subscribed to the majority view, as follows:

> Whatever the final conclusion may be, the committee is strongly of the opinion that the church should not seek to impose its point of view as to the use of contraceptives upon the public by legislation or any other form of coercion; and especially should not seek to prohibit physicians from imparting such information to those who in the judgment of the medical profession are entitled to receive it.

This is temperate, sensible, enlightened. Many thousands of persons believe it already. Of these, a number will undoubtedly be grateful for sanction by the church of a course of conduct that economic or other necessity prescribes. They will agree also with the committee's answer to the time-honored objection that a widespread knowledge of contraceptives will result in promiscuous relations. The committee feels that such relations will not be indulged in by most people. They might have added that not only the Catholic church but the whole face of society is set against promiscuity; that irregular relations antedate contraceptives and will postdate them; and that the good afforded to the many by the proper knowledge of their use will wipe out the "illicit pleasure" they will afford to a few.

THE DEATH ON MARCH 20 of Hermann Müller, twice Chancellor of the German Republic and for many years chairman of the Social Democratic Party of that country, has removed from the German scene another moderate leader whose services Germany so badly needs in these difficult times. Less brilliant and less capable than Gustav Stresemann, Müller nevertheless greatly resembled the late Foreign Minister in his endeavors to bring peace and stability to his country. Stresemann came from the conservative right to counsel moderation in the foreign field; Müller came from the radical left to follow a similar course in domestic politics. The son of an industrialist, Hermann Müller turned to socialism early in his youth. As Foreign Minister in the Bauer Cabinet in 1919, however, he tempered his radicalism sufficiently to permit him to sign the Versailles treaty for Germany. Nine months later, at the time of the abortive Kapp Putsch, he was named Chancellor, and again he took a discreetly moderate stand. The Socialists resorted to a general strike to defeat the purpose of the monarchist coup, a move that a confirmed Socialist leader such as Müller could well have used to turn Germany into a Socialist state. Instead, he restored the republican government to an even keel, and then resigned. In 1928 Müller again became Chancellor. He was not equal to the economic crisis that developed in the following year, however, and in March, 1930, he resigned. From that time until his death he threw the support of his party to the Brüning Government.

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The Unemployment Disaster

AT least seven million persons in the United States who want to work cannot get work. The Census Bureau at the end of the week gave out the results of its enumeration of unemployed workers in January, indicating a total for the country at large of 6,050,000 persons wholly without work, to whom at least another million must be added from other categories of the unemployed. The nineteen cities in which this special unemployment census was taken reported at the time of the regular census last April a trifle less than one-third of the total number of unemployed persons counted in the whole country, so there will be little question of the adequacy of the sample on which the present estimate is based. The enumerators found in these nineteen cities in January last a total of 1,930,666 persons in the so-called Class A, consisting of "persons out of a job, able to work, and looking for work." On this basis the corresponding number for the whole country is put by the Census Bureau at 6,050,000. But in addition there were counted in the nineteen cities 368,149 persons in Class B (persons having jobs, but on lay-off without pay). These included those part-time workers who were not employed on the day preceding the enumeration (evidently only part of the total number of part-time workers) and workers on temporary lay-off. For the country as a whole, then, there must be added three times that number, or at least another 1,100,000 workers, involuntarily idle at the time of the special census. We thus reach the appalling total of more than 7,000,000 persons wanting to work and unable to get work on the day of the count. This, be it noted, is a rock-bottom figure, resting on the Census Bureau's enumeration covering nearly a third of the workers. On the most favorable interpretation it indicates that out of all the persons in any way gainfully employed in the United States, one in six was vainly trying to get work last January. The actual situation in the industrial districts, of course, is distinctly worse than this. Detailed comparisons are given for sixteen of the nineteen cities, Boston, New York, and Chicago being omitted. Of the sixteen, only three show as small a proportion as one-sixth of their gainful workers "out of a job, able to work, and looking for work," while nine show a fifth or more of their gainful workers in that category, the proportion in Detroit and Cleveland, indeed, running above one-fourth. If the numbers out of work because of short time or lay-offs be added, six of the cities show a full quarter of the people without work. We prefer to use these minimum figures, resting on the sober count and calculation of the Census Bureau, rather than the larger ones put forward with a good deal of credibility in responsible quarters.

Even more striking than the absolute figures are the comparative numbers of April, 1930, and January, 1931. The Administration's handling of the Census Bureau's unemployment returns of April last, it will be remembered, was severely and justifiably criticized as tending to minimize the actual numbers out of work. No such criticism can lie against the actual comparison of returns at the two periods, and they show the startling result of an increase of unemployment during the nine intervening months of no less than 149 per cent. There were two and a half times as many people out of work in January last as in the preceding April, disastrous as was the situation at that time. No attempt is made in giving out the figures, as indeed none could be made, to gloss over or break the force of this stark comparison, although Secretary Lamont, as usual, cheerfully gives us reasons for thinking that January marked the actual bottom of the depression.

These, then, are the stubborn facts to be set off against the talk about the results of conferences with business leaders, promises of the return of prosperity, of enormous public-works programs, and all the rest of the uninterrupted ballyhoo with which a do-nothing Administration has sought to divert the public attention, to quiet the public mind, and thus to prevent direct federal action either for the relief of distress or for measures of future prevention. The Administration and the business leaders in whom it pathetically reposes its trust have had eighteen months in which to make their remedies work, and this is the result. Today they can do nothing better than defend themselves with talk of "world-wide business depression," which is a plain confession of failure. They have abdicated their proud position of years past as makers and dispensers of prosperity to the rest of us humble folk who know nothing better than to work for a living, and now that they cannot even give us a chance to do that, they acknowledge themselves helpless in the presence of world-wide forces too strong for them. Accordingly they profess themselves in no way responsible for our present plight. But if they and their system are not responsible for our disaster, neither were they responsible for the prosperity it is claimed that they created. In truth, our gods have tumbled themselves off their throne. If the American people exercise any intelligence, those gods will not be set up again. One need not be a Communist to feel a profound significance in the present intense and widespread interest in Russia in all parts of this country. Great numbers of Americans are wondering whether it is impossible to plan and organize our economic life so as to meet the fundamental needs of all the people and not simply to give profits to the few. Let the President and his supporters give heed before it is too late.

We have repeatedly and sharply criticized President Hoover and his associates for an unrealistic, unsound, inadequate, and, as it seemed to us, dishonest handling of the situation in respect to depression and unemployment. In view of the present census revelations we again ask in all seriousness what is to be hoped for from the man who as late as December in his annual message was still crying down the notorious facts of unemployment, who incontinently vetoed the carefully devised Wagner employment-exchange bill, who has stubbornly resisted every move toward assumption of any federal responsibility for citizens now plunged into distress by the operation of the economic system to which his whole fealty is pledged, and who has yet not brought forward a single idea containing real promise of making that system work better for the common man.

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Labor or a Coalition

IN a letter tendering his resignation as Minister of Education in the MacDonald Government on March 2 Sir Charles Trevelyan said: "In the present disastrous condition of trade it seems to me that the crisis requires big Socialist measures as the only hope rather than painful and ineffective economies." It was possible, he added, that such a policy might mean a short life for the Government because of the failure of Liberal support, but since it was clear from the fate of the education bill that all the Government measures would "have short shrift" in the Lords, he was more than ever of the opinion "that we ought to be occupied in demonstrating to the country the alternative to economy and protection. Our value as a Government today should be to make people realize that socialism is that alternative. But as time goes on and the situation gets worse we show less and less intention to rely on socialism for the salvation of the country."

Sir Charles doubtless expressed the opinion of the Labor radicals. Mr. MacDonald, to be sure, calls himself a Socialist, but he is quite content to await the coming of socialism in some remote future, whereas the Labor radicals want a definite approach to socialism in their own day. Yet it is difficult to see how Mr. MacDonald, as the leader of a minority party, could have continued in office without compromise and makeshift. To win in the House of Commons on any major issue by the votes of his own party alone is out of the question. His Government must legislate, if it is to legislate at all, with the aid of Conservatives or Liberals, and since the Conservatives are least likely to sympathize with a Socialist policy, it is upon the Liberals that he has had mainly to rely.

The dependence has been the greater because the Labor Party itself has been disintegrating. The obligations of party discipline appear to be less and less regarded in the Labor ranks. On March 16, when the Government was defeated on the electoral-reform bill, two Labor members voted against the Government and sixteen were absent without being paired. When, in a party conference the next day, Mr. MacDonald took his followers to task, he is reported to have been told bluntly that he was not giving the party "the right kind of leadership" and that he would "get loyal teamwork as soon as he adopted the socialistic policies to which the party was pledged, and not before."

Now, apparently, his Liberal support is threatened, for the Liberals, like Labor, are menaced by a split. Notwithstanding an agreement by the party to support the electoral-reform bill—a bill which was brought forward as a sop to the Liberals and from which they were most obviously to benefit—when the clause abolishing university representation came to be voted on only nineteen of the fifty-eight Liberal members sided with the Government, ten voted against it, and six more were paired in opposition. The chief Liberal whip, Sir Archibald Sinclair, resigned his office in disgust, and Mr. Lloyd George, with his leadership hanging in balance, ventured nothing more than an announcement that resolutions defining the future course of the party would shortly be presented.

The suggestion that matters may be straightened out by reconstructing the MacDonald Ministry, with Mr. Lloyd George as Lord Privy Seal to look after unemployment, seems fantastic when the political careers of Ramsay MacDonald and Lloyd George are recalled. Moreover, such a coalition would be of no value to Mr. MacDonald unless it enabled him to count more surely than at present upon Liberal aid; and with the existing state of feeling among the Liberals it seems improbable that the party would allow Mr. Lloyd George or anyone else to deliver its vote bodily unless it knew pretty clearly in advance what policies it was expected to support. No more among Liberals than among Conservatives is there fundamental sympathy for socialism, and if the Labor radicals are dissatisfied with Mr. MacDonald now for his compromising and shifting, he could hardly hope for greater loyalty if he trimmed his sails further to catch a Liberal breeze.

Stranger things might happen, however, than that Mr. MacDonald should do just that and take the chances. He loves high office and is in no haste to relinquish it. He knows that the Conservatives, however vigorously they may attack him, are not really anxious to turn him out and take over his job. If he could count with certainty upon forty Liberal votes he might with some assurance let the Labor radicals go their way, confident that the Conservatives, at least, would not get their help and that the remaining Liberals would not long persist in remaining out in the cold. We may yet see a Labor-Liberal coalition in which the voice will be that of Ramsay MacDonald but the hand that of Lloyd George. It would not be necessary to take Mr. Lloyd George into the Cabinet. All that would be needed would be to make a few more compromises.

A Model Prison

THE new prison at Stateville, Illinois, an adjunct of and a reproach to Joliet Penitentiary, four miles away, is a "model" prison. Instead of the old cell block, where the corridors only were exposed to sunlight and air, Stateville consists of a series of circular buildings in which every cell receives the sun. The cells themselves are commodious, equipped with toilet facilities and electric light; even chairs with arm rests are provided to afford comfort to the prisoners. The food at Stateville is reported to be good, as prison food goes. In view of these facts, it is all the more unfortunate to have to report that the prisoners at Stateville, unappreciative of their little luxuries, set fire to the prison on March 18 with a resulting damage of some half a million dollars.

Must we, then, attribute the latest Illinois prison riot to the innate depravity of man, and particularly of men convicted of crime? Must we offer as remedy the proposal of Warden Hill of Joliet, who announced, after the latest riot had been subdued, that every prisoner in both penitentiaries would be deprived indefinitely of all privileges; that there would be no shows, no radios, no good-conduct marks; and of course that every prisoner even remotely considered an instigator of the disorder would be kept in solitary confinement at the Warden's pleasure? In deciding how to deal with the Joliet disturbance it might be illuminating to recapitulate events at Joliet since the first of the year. A

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few weeks ago three convicts, unarmed, were shot and killed by guards with machine-guns as they were attempting to scale the walls and make their escape. On March 8 Joseph Coakley, a prisoner who had been handcuffed to his cell in solitary confinement as punishment for his outspoken resentment against the above killing, died from a heart lesion. It is reported that Coakley was just recovering from a severe attack of influenza, but the authorities were sure that the heart weakness and not the handcuffing was the cause of death. On March 17 three convicts tried to start a riot in the mess hall, but were stopped and thrown into solitary before the disturbance became general. The next day the successful riot took place, during which prisoners, unarmed, set fire to various buildings, destroyed what equipment they could, and received the gunfire of the guards, with the death of one of the rioters. We submit that in the face of these difficulties the Warden's promise of more force, more machine-guns, more solitary confinement, more bread and water seems somehow not quite to meet the situation. A model prison cannot keep prisoners from rebellion; evidently more severe treatment cannot do so. What can?

What do the prisoners at Joliet complain of? During the latest riot they shouted, "Give us a new parole board!" All over the country there has been manifest an attitude which prisoners resent in Illinois. First, the imposition of the maximum sentence for a given crime—and in the United States, sentences, crime for crime, are several times more severe than in England or Germany, for example; second, a refusal of parole boards to allow time off for good behavior, to release prisoners after the minimum number of years of an indeterminate sentence has been served. The prisoner on entering prison has only one thought—that of the day when he will be released. Precedent has taught him that he may expect to serve a certain length of time for a certain offense. When the parole board disregards that precedent, as more and more is becoming the case, he is rendered desperate. Not comforts in prison but liberty are what concerns him. When liberty seems impossible, he will defy all force to express his desperation, his revolt.

There will be more prison riots. There will undoubtedly be more at Joliet. The prison is overcrowded by about 100 per cent. The model prison at Stateville is built, with all its comforts, to accommodate 2,500 men, when every intelligent penologist in the country has for years insisted that no prison group with more than 1,000 men in it is workable, can be either managed in prison or cured of its antisocial bias. The warden at Joliet is not very different from most prison wardens. If force fails him he will try more force. If that fails, as inevitably it must, he will try it yet again. The public at large will applaud him for refusing to "coddle" the inmates; judges will continue to impose heavy sentences, ten, twenty, thirty, forty years, with small hope of earlier release. And men in prison, deprived of that vital hope, will still be driven to desperate revolt. It is estimated that in a little over a year prison riots have resulted not only in the death of thirty men, but in the destruction of more than a million dollars' worth of property. It is barely possible that if property damage becomes great enough, we shall be forced to some drastic reconsideration of our national prison policy, to a realization that it is not to society's best interest to keep men in prison without hope. Otherwise the outlook is not encouraging.

The Harvard Memorial

THE Harvard *Crimson* has made a sharp protest against the proposal of the corporation to build a great new chapel as a war memorial. The New York *Times* ridicules the protest, saying: "Some of the children are bawling in the college papers"; "So the infants bleat"; and more to the same effect. One of the editors of the *Harkness Hoot,* in a letter to the Yale *Daily News*, strongly supports the *Crimson*. The honors, in our judgment, rest with the younger generation. The grounds of objection to the proposed memorial actually set forth by both the editors and the contributors of the *Crimson* seem to us evidence of a sound and serious concern with a question of real educational interest, and we congratulate them on their protest. The letter of Selden Rodman to the Yale *Daily News* supporting the stand of the *Crimson* raises at least three questions deserving of serious thought. He objects to the assumption of most of our war memorials that we were right and our enemies were wrong; he questions incidentally the right of universities to spend vast sums in unnecessary building; and, most striking of all, he declares: "The very gesture of sinking a million dollars in a Protestant chapel when the validity of Protestantism (and Christianity in general as a solution for contemporary problems) is being questioned must, to the unprejudiced observer, appear at least extravagant."

Now these protesting young men, if we understand them, are not objecting to religion as such, however much they may be questioning some of its current manifestations. They do seem to object, however, to the assumption that God is Nordic, Protestant, capitalistic, and pro-Ally. And they do not believe that the universities have the right to use the millions they can so easily command for the uncritical propagation of accepted ideas and beliefs. The students seem to be doing honest and genuine thinking, and in their thought we see far more of hope both for the universities and for the religion of the future than we can see in the action of a corporation that would build an unneeded chapel in the midst of a living university, or in the ideas of a great newspaper that finds it possible to defend such a waste provided only that the proposed building is "beautiful."

The controversy brings up another question that cries out for answer. Is it not full time to stop setting up religious war memorials of any kind? The churches, with a few honorable exceptions, blessed the last war, just as they have blessed every preceding one—and just as they will bless the next one, we are tempted to add. But during the past few years some of our prominent religious leaders have professed repentance, and have declared that they will be on the side of peace next time even when the drums beat. If their professions mean anything, they ought to fight every attempt to associate religion and war, even in retrospect. Let us build memorials, if we must, to our war dead, and let them express our grief at our folly and wickedness in sending these young men to death; but let us not help prepare another war by sanctifying the last one through associating its losses and sacrifices with the service of God instead of the devil.

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The New Drive Against Russia

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Berlin, February 27

NOT a day passes but there is fresh evidence of a new drive against Russia. Indeed, it is impossible to pick up a copy of the London *Times* without finding from one to three items dealing with the menace of the Soviets. Thus we learn that no less than two leagues have been formed, with the usual complement of titled gentlemen, admirals, and generals, to protect the English public and English industry from the contamination of slave-made goods. It is declared that practically all Russian labor is enslaved by Stalin, and therefore everything that comes out of Russia should be boycotted. The action of the United States government in shutting out timber and pulpwood from northern Russia unless the importer can prove that it was not produced by convict labor and the complete boycott proclaimed by Canada are heartily acclaimed in London and elsewhere. The intense British anti-Russians wish and demand that the MacDonald Government take the same course. They rejoiced to learn that the recent visit of Mr. Bennett, the Prime Minister of Canada, to Washington was exclusively concerned with the question of joint action of Canada and the United States against Russian imports.

This campaign against Russian exports comes at a welcome moment. The excitement over the anti-religious attitude of the Soviets which reached such great heights about a year ago is dying down. None the less, the Christian Protest Movement formed in England in December, 1929, under the chairmanship of Prebendary Gough, Vicar of Brompton, has just reported that during its first year it held some 270 meetings in London and elsewhere, and that it has cooperated with similar protest movements in twelve Continental countries. It declares that its effort has been to keep its campaign entirely within religious lines. Nevertheless, if resentment can be aroused against Russia on the trade side, it will not hurt this other movement; on the contrary, it will help to keep it alive. The Catholic Women's League of England is not so careful to separate politics from religion, for it has sent a resolution to the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Henderson, to the effect that the league, representing the organized body of Catholic women of England, "in view of the pitiless cruelty of the present rulers of Soviet Russia toward the workers employed in their timber industry, as revealed by the sworn statements of escaped nationals now resident in England, . . . calls upon His Majesty's government to denounce these inhuman practices and to use every resource available to procure an alleviation of sufferings unjustly inflicted on helpless victims."

In the recent by-election in Fareham this vital question of Russian slave labor naturally came to the front, since Fareham is a glove-making center. The successful Conservative candidate reported that his audiences were "increasingly interested" in the dumping of timber, gloves, and other goods produced by slaves and forced laborers in Russia. It is, of course, too good an issue for Winston Churchill to neglect, and in his long speech of February 19 in Parliament he not only declared that the Five-Year Plan in Russia "would succeed in so far as it made for the economic ill-usage of other people," although it would fail to help the economic welfare of the Russians, but he asserted the "impossibility of standing against exportation by a state irrespective of profit and cost of production" to be a clear reason why England should turn from free trade to protection. Even more significant was his statement that "the government ought to take counsel with every friendly Power" to "try to concert joint action against the uneconomic exportations which were in increasing measure to be apprehended from Russia." Despite his break with Baldwin on the Indian question, there is no doubt that Churchill here voiced the prevailing sentiment in the Conservative Party. When it comes into power again it may be relied upon to take the lead against Russia.

The French are already at work. Not only are the conservative and reactionary forces in France taking exactly the same position; two important officials are touring Central Europe with a view to seeing how far the various countries, such as Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia, and others, will go toward an international action against Russia along economic lines. There is plenty of evidence elsewhere that there is a systematic effort on foot to bring about an international economic boycott. One of the vice-presidents of the International Chamber of Commerce has been circulating widely a rather lengthy document urging business men to get behind such a boycott. I need not rehearse here to the readers of *The Nation* what has been suggested in Congress this winter, but I look within a year for the organization of American anti-Russian societies like those in England, and I expect soon to hear the cry raised that no more American engineers or workers be allowed to go to Moscow to aid in building up the system which is so hostile to the capitalist world. We shall hear more and more of Russian dumping as time passes. Louis Fischer dealt admirably with that subject in *The Nation* of December 17. I cannot add to what he has said or do else than stress the humor of the situation. Whereas until recently all the wiseacres of the capitalist world in politics and industry were certain that Russia could be ignored because the Five-Year Plan would fail and communism, as Mr. Hoover has so often assured us, was totally unworkable, they have now all suddenly discovered that the Five-Year Plan is to be such a howling success as to menace the very existence of capitalist society. Needless to say, these gentlemen would be just as excited about the Russian menace if the convict-labor issue had never arisen at all. Incidentally, they are quite oblivious of the fact, especially in the United States, that if times get worse in Germany and that country is to continue to pay reparations, it will have to dump harder to get any income from abroad, and that that dumping will be far more serious than the comparatively little which Russia is undertaking to do.

Please do not underestimate the seriousness of this move for a united economic boycott of Russia. It would unquestionably block effectively the development of Russia all along the line. That country would undoubtedly be able to carry on, precisely as it found itself able to get ahead slowly with-

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out the aid of foreign capital after its efforts to borrow abroad were effectively scotched. But it would take years to industrialize Russia, and the cost would be infinite.

There are, of course, certain obstacles to be overcome before there will be a united circle of impassable walls erected against Russia—an economic circle this time rather than the cordon of bayonets which was drawn around her, with the approval of the Allies and of America, at the time of the making of the Treaty of Versailles. Communists with whom I have talked here share the belief prevalent in Russia that any economic boycott will be a prelude to a united military attack upon the Soviets. The suggestion is absurd today. With Germany in the hole in which it is industrially, agriculturally, and financially, a war is utterly out of the question. You not only could not enlist Englishmen for such an armed attack upon Russia, but I have pretty good evidence that the present British government does not intend to allow itself to be led into an economic boycott or to the voicing of protests of the kind that the Catholic women have just asked for, despite its intense feeling of opposition to the Bolshevists. The industry of Europe, moreover, is collapsing, and more than one state will refuse to give up its Russian business which it needs so badly this year. In Germany the labor leaders will oppose a boycott if only because they are being driven to believe that for a long time to come about 3,000,000 Germans will be normally idle.

It is an interesting fact that six of the most prominent German big-business men left for Russia yesterday at the invitation of the Soviet Government to study conditions in Russia and see what plums can be picked up there to keep German factories at work. There is plenty of other evidence that in the existing emergency Germany is more and more turning to Russia and is looking with jealous eyes upon the huge contracts given out in Moscow to American engineering firms and engineers.

On the other hand, I find many sincere and honest people of Socialist leanings who are not ill-disposed toward Russia but who think Germany has troubles enough without being bothered by Russian propaganda. They are perfectly willing that Russia shall do within her own borders whatever she sees fit, but they are growing very uneasy about the influence that Russia may have over Germany's fate in the years to come. For example, I have just talked with a prominent business man who feels that his whole future and that of his family and his country are jeopardized by the Russian industrial menace. He is much less worried by the dumping today than by his fear of what Russia will be doing to the world ten or fifteen years from now, and he feels that there is justification for any and every economic action against Russia. He admits, however, that so far as he knows it has not yet been possible to bring about an agreement on any one policy to be pursued. But he says that sentiment is crystallizing to the effect that no special favors should be shown to the Russians in the way of special or long-term credits. The drift is to treat Russia in this respect precisely like any other country. None the less, the nearer we come to the end of the Five-Year Plan, now compressed to four years, the greater will be the alarm in Europe.

In Berlin one has many chances to get first-hand reports from Russia, for Americans are coming in and out all the time and passing through Berlin, and so are Englishmen and Germans. The situation as portrayed by these travelers, some of whom have lived in Russia for many years, can be summed up as follows: There is no doubt that the plan is going through and that it will be acclaimed by the Russian government as a triumphant success, no matter in what degree it succeeds. It is, of course, unthinkable that Stalin and his associates will admit failure, and as the preparation of figures of their "achievement" is in their hands they can do what they like with them. Since they have repeatedly changed the plan since its inception, it remains to be seen what they will decide to have been their real objective. What will happen after the program is "finished" is an entirely different question. The American engineers with whom I have talked, who are now working in Russia, believe that the experience of the Stalingrad tractor factory is typical of what will take place. It was well and quickly built by Americans, but the Russians to whom it was turned over could do nothing with it, so that a hurried call had to be sent for some thirty-five American mechanics and engineers to come and run it. It is reported that they have not yet been able to get the production up to maximum. A German manufacturer who is supplying Russia with a large amount of machinery was being condoled with by a friend on the ground that he would lose his present prosperity in two years more, when the Five-Year Plan would be complete. The German laughed and said, "Don't worry. The Russians are wearing out and using up my machines within two or three years after their installation." These instances could be multiplied indefinitely. The hasty summoning of American railroad men to take hold of the railroads is further proof of the point I am making. A German who has lived ten years in Russia showed a group of persons within a week what purported to be official figures recording that there had been 13,000 accidents, large and small, on the railroads within twelve months. An engineer who handles enormous quantities of raw material in Russia spoke of the unending delays and difficulties he had with his shipments. He was, by the way, quite certain that if the Soviet leaders had allowed themselves ten years to do the job they are trying to put through in four years, they would have made a tremendous success of it at much less expense and without having put their people to the torture of undernourishment and general misery in the meantime.

There is no variance in the descriptions of the suffering of the people. As to food supplies, there can be no question that the situation has grown much worse since the summer of 1929 when I made my visit there. Bread alone seems to be adequately supplied. The allowance of milk for a child in Moscow is twenty-four glasses a month. A letter has just been received from an American woman who returned to Moscow in January after a vacation in Europe. She writes that she can hardly stand residence in Moscow, so tremendous are the appeals to her sympathy and to her indignation. The requests for help are unending.

If this is the correct picture it certainly does not portray a triumphant Russia so successful at home as to have money, time, and energy left for propaganda abroad on a large scale. As every intelligent person knows, the Russian government is not dumping because it wants to or because of any malign plan to wreck European capitalism. They are ruthlessly depriving their people of what we should consider absolute necessities of life in an attempt to obtain foreign moneys. It is quite possible that in two years more

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they will be dumping much less in the effort to make good their promises to their own people to supply them by that time with adequate clothing, shoes, furniture, bedding, and food. This possibility will not weigh with those who are engineering the new drive against Russia. Nor will the fact that any obstacle put in the way of the free movement of trade from one country to another is certain to come back as a boomerang upon those who created it. Witness the effect of the reparations payments upon the American people; witness our enhanced tariffs which are checking our imports and exports and decreasing the purchasing power of Europe in the markets of the United States.

Is California Civilized?

By ROBERT WHITAKER

La Crescenta, California, March 14

IT will be forty-three years in August of this year since I first saw California, after a long ride through the desert. If heaven is as satisfying to me as was my initial experience of Southern California's fertility and beauty and unspeakable comfort, I shall have no complaint against the dreams of the delectable country which our fathers and mothers dreamed of old. Nor did San Francisco disappoint me when I waked to its coolness and invigorating sea winds the next morning; nor yet shall I ever forget the wonderful weeks which followed in the Santa Clara Valley. For more than four decades I have been privileged to live in one of the fairest and kindliest of all the regions of the earth. California is, indeed, a marvelous land, beyond anything the passing tourist can ever know, and many of its people are among the choicest fruits of human evolution.

All this only accentuates the bewilderment and bitter disappointment which must be felt by any thinking man at the social barbarism of California, provided he has any knowledge beyond what the pitiful public press gives of our ignorance, our intolerance, and above all our complacent social inertia. It is, I think, no accident that an American author here of international reputation, himself well acquainted with all other sections of the land, and American in his ancestry for many generations, confessed in public print some years ago: "It is my deliberate conviction that the American people are the most ignorant, and the most complacently ignorant people in the world." Nor is it strange that a prominent California editor admitted his assent to the indictment when I quoted the words to him.

California's reaction to the Chinese, the Japanese, the Hindus, and the Filipinos is a fourfold story of prejudice, ill-governed and lawless passion, class provincialism, and domination of the supposedly intellectual and moral leaders of our society by mob spirit and mercenary interests. It is hardly to be matched anywhere in America, if anywhere in the world. It is not, however, without fairly obvious explanation in certain features of our economic life which are peculiar to this semi-tropical land, just as the long continuance of slavery south of Mason and Dixon's line was due to economic conditions peculiar to that region. In both instances the exploitation of imported labor from lower levels of economic life abroad, that is, from Africa and Asia, and the consequent conflict induced by the defense development of more typically Western industrialism explain in large part the overriding of that idealism and legalism which we like to think our special claims to the consideration of mankind. What we have called the race problem is in both instances really a labor problem, as will be quite widely admitted now. What will be much more reluctantly admitted in California is that the dominant people here are affected with the same disposition that black slavery induced in the South, and for similar reasons, and that labor here has something of the same inferiority complex which operated among the Southern whites who were in competition with slave labor. On the higher levels of wealth control the Californian is willing to have the Asiatic here, and to fatten on him economically with slight regard for either the imported or the native article of human brawn and blood. On the lower levels of economic control American labor in California reacts to the foreigner from Asia, or for that matter from Mexico, with something of the same hatred, born of fear and injury, which white labor in the South had toward the exploited black man. California's race problem is a reflex in its major features of the older and more obvious race problem of the South.

California's brutality and respectable lawlessness toward the I. W. W. and later toward the Communists are of the same character in the main. It is the dependence of the State upon migratory labor and occasional service of a semi-servile character which makes this Pacific paradise so ruthless in overriding decency and justice and all considerations of civilization in its dealings with unskilled labor and with those who challenge the exploitation of such labor. More than a hundred members of the I. W. W. have been sent to the California penitentiaries for considerable terms of wholly unjustifiable imprisonment, without so much as any charge of actual violence, or even of personal advocacy of violence, being registered against them. In Oakland, over a period of several years, Anita Whitney, a real Jane Addams in the dignity and beauty of her character and in the distinguished social service which she has done, was allowed to be hounded by sleuths and officials not worthy to black her shoes. Others whose names were spared the publicity which hers drew, but who in character and social spirit and service were her peers, were thrown into jail, subjected to all manner of legal and official persecution, and finally sent to the penitentiary unless they were saved from that fate by their own extraordinary skill in defense. Anita Whitney escaped partly because of the tradition of her high social connections and imagined wealth. Besides, certain very powerful individuals had been drawn to her aid, despite her refusal to seek their intervention for herself, by the vast unselfishness with which she had served the cause of Irish freedom, for instance, and other neglected but not economically disreputable issues. But on the whole the public attitude toward her was not so different from that toward the persons who were jailed in Oakland for having

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actively interceded in behalf of the exploited workers around San Francisco Bay. Oakland was a little more tolerant toward them than South Carolina would have been toward William Lloyd Garrison and his fellow-Abolitionists, but felt very much as respectable Boston felt toward those New England agitators a hundred years ago, and for substantially the same reasons. California is, industrially, a sort of seasonal slave State, and whoever touches upon this situation so as to imperil the "institution" will be railroaded to the penitentiary by any possible means. And whoever dares say anything about it risks his living, if not his life.

Los Angeles, accordingly, is undisturbed when a cordon of police break into a privately owned hall where a banquet has been prepared for William Z. Foster, recently candidate of the Workers' Party of America for the Presidency of the United States. Not only do they drive out the guests and hosts with gas fumes, but they proceed to wreck tables, to smash chairs into fragments, to destroy the piano and other valuable furnishings, and to tear the very light fixtures from the ceiling, in such a fury of lawlessness that even the Communists, accustomed to official disregard of law and Constitution, are abashed at the frenzy which they behold. Not a church mentions the incident, so far as I have heard or read, unless it be that certain respectable Jews have protested against this invasion of a neighborhood wherein their kindred abound. Our Christian mayor is apparently unconcerned.

Worse than the Mooney-Billings case, which belongs in the same category, is the more recent but as yet unadvertised case of Frank Spector and his fellows, sent to the San Quentin Penitentiary a few months ago for terms of from three to forty-two years for having attempted the industrial organization of the exploited labor of the Imperial Valley. The case has not stirred a breath of protest among the churches or in respectable circles generally. The exploitation of field labor in California in 1931 is accepted as casually and deliberately as ever African slavery was in the South; when attacked, it is as virulently and as tyrannically defended. At Christmas of last year I stood in a cotton field near Brawley and watched men, women, and young children picking cotton under conditions that would be incredible to most of the American people. The manager himself volunteered to show me the hardships of the work, and informed me, with evidently honest sympathy, that it took eight hours of hard labor to pick a hundred pounds of cotton, and that the work was paid for at the rate of seventy-five cents a hundred pounds. Frank Spector I know personally, and Garrison himself was not a more unselfish, devoted, or heroic man. The trial was on a level with the meanest manifestations of legalized mobbery of the anti-slavery agitators of a century ago. Yet the "best people" of the Imperial Valley, as I know by more than one season of sojourning among them, are charming people, as charming as the aristocracy of the South ever was.

Yes, California is civilized. That is what is the matter with it; its civilization, economically considered, is the legal, political, and disciplinary ascendancy of a ruling class which lives by the exploitation of labor, and especially of unskilled labor. It shows plainly how amiable and charming in personal relations the ruling class may be in a civilization like this, which yet rests upon conditions of labor exploitation that cannot be changed without serious disturbance of the established order. However inhuman those conditions, then, no one may say anything about them without paying a price—a price which in this Lenten season our most cultivated and companionable church people are celebrating in a pleasantly vicarious way.

How to Control Public Utilities

By GUIDO H. MARX

THERE is no other field of public interest in which there is so complete, effective, and continuously operating machinery for the dissemination of misinformation and silencing of opposition as in the domain of the public utilities. Despite the revelations of the Federal Trade Commission's investigation, the public mind on many crucial points is ill-informed and confused. This is noticeably true in regard to the question of federal control versus State regulation. That there are honest advocates of State regulation, particularly among those who hold to an unquestioning States'-rights doctrine, it would be folly to deny. But what is more to the point is that this policy is advocated also by all those whose purpose it is to defeat genuine efforts at adequate regulation, and this precisely because they recognize the demonstrated inability of the individual States to cope with the problem.

A glance at the scope of the jurisdiction of State regulatory commissions over privately owned electric light and power companies will disclose the chaotic condition. One State, Delaware, has no commission. State regulation cannot apply to the District of Columbia, the territories, or what we politely term our dependencies. According to Mosher's standard book on "Electric Utilities," twenty-two of the State commissions have no jurisdiction over capitalization and issue of securities; seven have none over valuation for rate-making; seven, none over rates and rate schedules; fourteen, none over accounting; eleven, none over annual reports; seven, none over service; and so it goes. There is no need of elaborating the confusion. The possibility of getting uniform State codes of law and procedure, and in addition effective ones, may be set down as zero. Nothing in the past history of regulatory legislation justifies belief that those who profit by this situation of confusion and twilight zones would, without a bitter, prolonged, and adroit fight, permit the adoption of any measures to rectify it.

But even assuming that uniformly adequate powers were won, State regulatory bodies would still have no jurisdiction over companies engaged in interstate transmission (a matter of continually increasing importance in these days of developing super-power systems), and no effective control over those with financial affiliations (operating, management, or holding corporations) of an interstate or extra-state character. In brief, there would be left to them for exercise of their regulative powers only strictly local enter-

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prises. It does not take a vivid imagination to picture how many of these there would be in a field where they are already a disappearing factor.

We have also a whole series of other elements tending to limit or defeat the protection of the rights and interests of the general public. As a rule the State commissions have inadequate funds and staffs to make the necessary and thorough investigations of accounts and physical properties. This may be one of the reasons for a growing tendency on their part to refuse to initiate proceedings and to confine themselves to an exercise of judicial functions, thus helping to bring about the very condition they were created to correct and placing the effort and cost of extensive case preparation and presentation on private individuals or municipalities. Court decisions—particularly in the matter of valuations based on reproduction cost, new, less depreciation—in a world of continuing fluctuation of prices have also set the stage for an endless series of entanglements.

Next we have a very great likelihood of the control of these minor commissioners by the very utilities they are supposed to regulate, and this whether they hold office by appointment or by election. The salaries in all but a very few cases, as New York and Pennsylvania, are not such as to attract outstanding men, nor can the large group of appointees be subjected to such public scrutiny as might be given to the few members of a single federal body. There have been, and are, many able and devoted men serving at considerable sacrifice on these State commissions, and the present writer would not have these paragraphs reflect in any manner upon them. Some of the commissions have outstanding records, but even a State which has been able to boast of an Eshelman and a Seavey has had others less conspicuous. It has not been outside the range of experience in some States that governors have felt obligated to appoint commissioners at the behest of utilities in return for financed campaign deficits. Separate local bodies of limited jurisdiction, staff, and financial resources are more easily dealt with by great national organizations. In brief, the advocates of State regulation are not unacquainted with the merits of separating your faggots.

The policies of the national organization of State utility commissioners have scarcely been such as to inspire one with great respect for their zeal for the general public interest. To quote Mosher: "It cannot be denied that the association has great potential value, but to date its social usefulness has been limited." "In reading the annual reports one is struck with the lack of discernment in passing judgment on defects and limitations of the existing methods of control." What living interest in the public welfare is to be expected from an organization which has no keener sense of the proprieties than to accept financial support, according to the Federal Trade Commission hearings, from the National Electric Light Association, one of the chief propaganda instruments of the utilities to be regulated? (In passing, it might be stated that the national societies of both the electrical and the mechanical engineers appear to be dominated by large corporate and utility groups and not to be as sensitive to the interests of their membership at large as could be wished. Engineers should throw off this pall of fear and intimidation.)

Even such a brief summary as the foregoing, which could be indefinitely expanded and documented, shows conclusively why those who do *not* want adequate regulation are all for "State regulation."

There is nothing of more widespread importance to a modern industrial nation than energy, commonly spoken of as power, whether it be derived from coal, oil, gas, water, oil shale, or peat. Whoever controls the energy resources, economically controls the nation. The problem of energy supply in our country is rapidly becoming one of interlocking super-power systems using both water and fuel sources. This is a national problem which can and must be handled nationally as a unified problem. Matters of valuation and rate regulation, vitally important to general welfare as they are, are only some of its elements. A national planning system must be devised for national resources irrespective of artificial political barriers such as State lines. But the first step would be to make all physically or financially interlocked groups directly and strictly amenable to federal control, and to broaden the powers and enlarge the staff of the Federal Power Commission to enable it to handle this large task as well as those already placed on its shoulders by present laws. The utmost vigilance should be exercised in scrutinizing the men nominated to perform so important a function, to insure that they be men of capacity and social vision, dominated by zeal for the general welfare, and absolutely free from all purpose to sabotage the laws they are set to enforce. "Put all your eggs in one basket," said Andrew Carnegie, *"and watch the basket."* Advocates of States' rights, sincere and insincere alike, can be counted upon to fight this plan to the last ditch. The plan, if adopted, would work only if there were on the part of the utilities an honest and sincere acceptance of effective regulation. Otherwise it would work until the utilities, twenty-four hours on the job each day, either captured the regulators, wore down their morale, or adroitly devised other means of beating the game. From our national experience with anti-trust legislation, the latter course is what is more reasonably to be expected, and this for two reasons. The first is that the temptations of the opportunities of exploitation that lie in the domain of private ownership of natural monopolies are too strong for men of business enterprise to resist. The second may be stated in the form of a question: Can one man *really* regulate another man's business? Such a question, to be sure, completely overlooks the fact that the public-utility business is really a partnership between capital and the public—a partnership to which the public makes contributions of the most essential and valuable character, in return for which it demands, with entire justice, complete knowledge of all the facts of the business together with full protection of its interests. In many cases it may be said with practical truth that it furnishes the capital as well. But these are facts which the so-called private owners wish to have forgotten, and it is probably unkind to mention them.

Federal regulation and national planning are undoubtedly the next steps, but I have no belief that they offer anything like a stable solution. Rather I would say: The right of eminent domain and the taxing power, to which it is closely related, are both distinctive features of government. Human history has taught us that these powers can never safely be alienated from the state and transferred into private hands. The farming-out of taxes, direct or disguised, has always led to oppression and disaster.

There are certain enterprises which by their very nature require the right of eminent domain, using that term in a

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broad sense—enterprises such as highways, bridges, railways, and those whose systems of pipes, cables, or wires require continuity over broad areas and, in especial, right of way under, in, or over the publicly owned roadways. All such enterprises require a concession of some of the sovereign functions of government, many of them necessarily exclusive and monopolistic. Such concessions once granted, call them franchises or what you will, are an alienation of sovereignty and carry with them indirectly but inevitably the taxing power. This is a power which should never pass out of the hands of government—even with the specious but deceptive check of regulation. All those enterprises which, dealing with essentials of modern existence, require the more or less exclusive use of the public property for their operation, and are thereby naturally sovereign in character, should be publicly owned and operated. And this because all other means of economic control for the general welfare exercised by legislatures, courts, or commissions have proved inadequate to protect the public at large—in brief the state sovereign—against the evasions, exactions, and anti-social actions of highly organized, controlling groups operating under the dominant motive of private profit.

Literature and the Reds

By CHARLES J. FINGER

NOT so long ago a certain silly man whose folly must leave him nameless—why use the public trumpets to herald stupidity?—delivered himself of a speech at a certain university, and told those who listened, or pretended to listen, or were too polite to show their impatience, that it was a good sign for young people to keep their eyes on the main chance, and not fill their heads with revolutionary stuff. There was much more of it, all nonsense.

I say that it was all nonsense, advisedly, talking from experience. For I, as I told the readers of the *American Mercury* recently, was of that happy crowd which had lived in the Age of Literary Appreciation in the latter 1880's, what time we interested ourselves in Home Rule; and in the Haymarket affair; and in Socialism with and under the leadership of William Morris, and Prince Kropotkin, and G. B. Shaw, and H. M. Hyndman; and in much more. We were hail-fellow-well-met with many—Annie Besant, Benjamin R. Tucker of Boston and "Liberty," Carpenter of "Toward Democracy," Henry George of "Progress and Poverty," Lawrence Gronlund, and many more besides. So we were busy, and if anyone had asked our opinion of Money, let us say, he might have received for an answer some saying from Thoreau relative to the ways of money-making leading directly downwards. Our heroes were Thoreau, who had written "Civil Disobedience"; and Walt Whitman, of "There the Great City Stands"; and Washington, who had said something about the possibility of government being a dangerous servant and a fearful master; and Jefferson, who had referred to a bloody watering of the tree of liberty; and Shelley, who had written incandescent pamphlets, distributing them by throwing them from windows at "likely-looking persons."

Now many are the professors who will tell you that the revolutionary Shelley is not the real Shelley, and that to follow the one is to miss the other, and much more; but I know otherwise. True it is, it may seem a far cry from the burning poem which begins

> . . . wherefore plow
> For the lords that lay ye low?
> Wherefore weave, with toil and care
> The rich robes your tyrants wear?

to "Prometheus Unbound," with all its subtle beauty and grandeur, a poem that rolls on like the finest orchestral music. But "one step upwards lowers the Andes," say the Chileans. Many of us, burning with enthusiasm for a new and a better society, took the step in those days of literary appreciation. True, we had not read Aeschylus, but what matter? We knew, as we knew patches of Homer, that Prometheus stood as friend of man and opponent of tyranny; that Zeus had chained him to a rock for his daring. So we were prepared for the allegory, and could follow much, identifying ourselves with Demogorgon, and determining to do that which might be done to dethrone the tyrant. We could, and did, set "Queen Mab" on a higher plane than critics said it should be set, and we did so because we found it a handy weapon to use against the enthroned tyrant of privilege. Because we revolted against things as they were, we read, and also understood, "The Revolt of Islam." And there is this: Shelley awoke in us the emotion he had experienced when he wrote; because of the reading of his poetry we were stirred to thought; because of an appetite awakened we opened vast volumes which we would certainly not otherwise have opened. And therein, I hold, lies at least part of the mission of great poetry.

The course lay clear then to Byron's "Childe Harold," to his "Corsair," to his "Cain," and to his iconoclastic "Don Juan." We rejoiced because Byron had left England for Greece to head the revolutionary forces there and we were glad when we read that he had visited the robber chieftain, Ali Pasha. To Southey, too, we went; and to Coleridge by consequence, because of their social enthusiasm—then, coming to "The Ancient Mariner" and to "Kubla Khan," we entered freely and simply into the land of fantasy, nor could ever after forget "caverns measureless to man," or ice that came floating by "as green as emerald." For we had come to discern beauty, as one discerns beauty in the sunrise, with no thought of the labor that the day would bring, but nevertheless fortified for that labor.

From revolution to literature! It reads queerly to bat-blind respectables, but such was the path for many. Because George Washington had said, "Government is not reason, it is not eloquence—it is force. Like fire it is a dangerous servant and a fearful master; never for a moment should it be left to irresponsible action"; and because Jefferson had said, "The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants"; therefore we were revolutionists at heart. And because we were revolutionists, we thrilled at William Morris's line, "We who

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once were fools and dreamers, then shall be the brave and wise," and searching farther came to his "Defense of Guinevere" and his "Life and Death of Jason." Because William Wordsworth touched us with his sonnets to Toussaint L'Ouverture and to Andreas Hofer, both of whom had played a part in the unbinding of Prometheus and the dethroning of Zeus in the shape of Napoleon, therefore, by what may seem devious ways, we came to the "Ode to Immortality," and to "Tintern Abbey." William Cullen Bryant caught our hearts with his sonnet "William Tell" and thereby won us to "Thanatopsis," and to other graceful poems born of his love of quiet. As for Robert Burns, so close was he to us that it was as if we might meet him at the next corner. Then there was Keats, with his passionate poem written to Leigh Hunt on the occasion of Hunt's release from prison; and there was Hunt himself, turbulent and gloriously disrespectful of intrenched authority; and Walt Whitman, trumpet voiced; and Joaquin Miller, with his white-hot poem to the Czar, and his "Riel, the Rebel," glowing with divine hate; and Edward Carpenter, whom we knew, and whose "Toward Democracy" we knew and loved; and the Australian, Francis Adams, whose "Songs of the Army of the Night" was like a host with banners.

Singers of democracy they all were, and into strange lands and noble they led us. For it does not serve any wise purpose to frown upon the revolutionary spirit in youth. That spirit is hope, and hope is a herald. It is a spirit that means magnanimity, and single-mindedness, and enthusiasm, and watchfulness. It means a lively taste for ideas. It is significant of an ideal that is life. It means all things that make for manhood, good-will, sympathy, education, strength. It means the possession and cultivation of those virtues which make true patriots. It means a very life-current of interest in affairs, an interest in national behavior, a proper assimilation of that nourishment which is the sustenance of a live people who would achieve order and resist invasion and build character. It means the development of noblest faculties.

Turn youth from these aspirations which are bound up with the revolutionary spirit and you have a sullen people, a people with its heart set upon that basest of human desires—mere acquisition. You will have a people that is a mass of apathy and indifference, whose government shall become, indeed, a dangerous servant and a fearful master.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter knew, when he admitted, even by implication, that he trafficked with safety razors, that from some corner of the world would come a cry of outrage, scorn, or pity. It has come.

> I have been in the advertising business, employed in it rather, for about five years, attempting to harness an education really Pegasus-like to the dirty business of destroying words, good words, the blessed English words of Carlyle and Ruskin and Meredith—doing exactly what you so heartily inveigh against. Of course, I agree with you. Good Lord, how I agree with you! It is not only that the words die on the paper; the decay must commence in the minds of the poor unfortunates who give birth to them.

That, however, is not my point—you know as much as I do about that. What made me feel concerned, sufficiently so to sit down and write this letter, is the thought that you, of all people, should stoop to shave yourself with a safety razor, a makeshift tool designed originally for the use of women, as if you were a man of no classical background whatsoever. Can you remember your father shaving, or any man whom as a boy you admired? Do you recall, in Conrad's stories, the fine, hard, close-shaven men who kept their pairs of English razors like rapiers in a case, their faithful companions through life?

No gentleman should, no man of character ever would, rise each morning to go about a dull and slavish scraping of his face with the cheap little knick-knack known as a "safety razor." There is only one excuse, so far as it can go, and that is ignorance—ignorance of what our fathers took the trouble to find out for us about shaving. Did you, sir, ever try to shave with a *razor*, a shining blade of the finest, purest steel that with patient search a man is able to buy, even in this day of Hoover? Have you ever seen one used?

You have been too busy or too careless, possibly too Bohemian, to learn and to help perpetuate one of the heritages of man's civilization, one in imminent danger of being lost, like our words, at the hands of the advertising cutthroat. Let me be the one to call your attention to your fault. Go to a good old-fashioned barber; get him to talk about razors, about real Nizhni leather strops—spend fifteen or twenty dollars for the very best. Then, if your nerves are steady enough mornings—if not, you had better wait until you can get them so—begin a higher philosophy, a sterner discipline, of shaving. Within a year you will be a new man for the first ten minutes of each of your allotted days. You will learn that it is still possible for a man to love and cherish a piece of steel. And from that you may, as I did, pass on to discoveries similar—that there are girls still at large in the world whose mothers taught them to bake bread. And once a week will bake it.

Our personal existence must become more and more a struggle against the destroyers of steel, of bread, and of words. One can only organize one's own life, after the first surrender, as completely as possible in opposition. We must do more than exercise mere discrimination. If a man is to live as either a philosopher or a gentleman, he must show his scorn for the imitation. What could be better than an Anti-Safety-Razor League, for example, with a program including use of advertisements—well, not necessarily advertisements? At any rate, I hope that you are going to consider this letter very carefully.

* * * * *

CERTAINLY no safety razor ever invaded the domain of the mighty blade that the Drifter's father used. The Drifter can offer, in fact, no excuse for his defection, unless he might plead previous conditions of youth and innocence and the glamor of a new gadget. And since he has no excuse, either, for continuing his evil days, he is trembling on the verge of a resolve to eschew the safety razor forever. If his nerves were found wanting he could grow a beard—and he has been for years in search of a good excuse for growing a beard. But before he embarks upon an undecided future he wishes to acknowledge another letter which may be of comfort and assistance to those who persist in safety razors—those timid ones who lack the Drifter's anonymous courage.

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May a late fellow-sufferer assure you that you have no need to live in bondage to the American safety-razor blade? You *can* get steel blades in this country. True, they are made in England, Germany, or Sweden—backward lands that have never accepted the gospel of mass production with its corollary of obsolescence by deterioration in quality—and the protective tariff compels you to pay twice as much for them as you pay for blades of domestic manufacture, assuming that you are so old-fashioned as to buy your blades instead of getting them as a bonus with a package of cigarettes or a remaindered book. But they last three times as long as American blades, so you can afford the extra price.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Milk Monopoly

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A beautiful example of how sensitive prices are to the revered laws of supply and demand is afforded by the milk situation in New York City.

Late last summer the drought—which incidentally did not visit the legally restricted area from which the city must draw its supply—served as the pretext for boosting the retail price of milk one cent a quart. Yet only a few weeks previously the heads of two great milk companies, when called upon by a deputy attorney general to explain why prices were higher in New York than anywhere else in the United States, and why the abnormally low rates paid to the dairy farmer were not being reflected in a corresponding reduction to the consumer, testily insisted that the cost of raw milk had little bearing on retail prices, that the expense of distribution was the controlling factor. Unfortunately for this hypothesis the price of milk products continued to decline so greatly that the one-cent increase was reluctantly rescinded.

Butter is now selling in New York at pre-war prices, but bottled milk clings to its lofty perch. Grade A milk, which costs eighteen cents a quart—twenty cents for some occult reason on Long Island—brings fifteen cents in Jersey City just across the river, thirteen cents in Philadelphia and Chicago, twelve cents in St. Louis, and ten cents in Milwaukee. One might naively assume that density of population had some relation to cost of distribution, that delivery would be cheaper in the Bronx where a driver leaves more bottles in a single apartment building than he could in five blocks in Milwaukee.

Exploitation of basic food products—that of milk is but a flagrant example—is not confined to New York City. But citizens of the metropolis are politically more helpless to contend against this condition. Reformers complain that it is difficult to arouse people against corruption and glaring social evils because these are intangibles which the common man cannot conceive as having more than a remote effect on his welfare. But the price of milk or bread so plainly touches his purse that every inquiry has evoked immediate and sustained support from the public. Yet each such attack, launched with a great ballyhoo, has either pounded itself to pieces, been strangely silenced, or been deflected into the prosecution of some minor racketeer. Small wonder that thinking people, hopeless of any change as long as the sale of milk remains an uncontrolled monopoly, are beginning to talk either of its regulation as a public utility or of outright distribution by the State itself as the last remaining form of relief.

Freeport, N. Y., February 14 L. M. RACHOFSKY

Or Your Money Back

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Recently, on the back cover of *The Nation,* a publishing house with high traditions advertised a course in mastery of good English. In less than two inches of the advertisement I found these sentences:

> All who heard them couldn't help feeling that they were not accustomed to associating with people of culture and refinement. . . . You use them first to check and correct your present mistakes and then for handy reference—showing you always, to meet all situations, the correct thing to say and how to say it! . . . Then see how quickly and easily you can master *this way* every phase of written and spoken English.

Will the advertised volumes teach me to use that kind of English?

Ballard Vale, Mass., March 1 STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Higher Education

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The official Calendar of the University of California for the week of February 16, 1931, contained the subjoined items. Do you think the question of the second is answered by the others? Or is this merely a malicious sampling of our admirably varied modern educational menu?

> MONDAY, FEBRUARY 16
>
> 1 p. m. Meeting of the Home Club at the home of Mrs. E. O. Essig, 910 Hilldale. **Luncheon will be served** and the afternoon will be spent in sewing.
>
> TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 17
>
> 8 p. m. Debate on the question, Is Modern Education a Failure? between Dr. Frederic P. Woellner of the University of California at Los Angeles and Professor Graham Allen Laing of the California Institute of Technology. Wheeler Auditorium. Admission 50 cents.
>
> THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19
>
> 11 a. m. University Meeting. Harmon Gymnasium. William B. Stout, President of the Stout Air Service, Inc., Air Division of the Ford Motor Company; and Knute Rockne, Professor of Physical Education and Football Coach at the University of Notre Dame, will speak. All other university exercises will be suspended at this hour. ***The faculty is cordially invited to make use of the chairs on the platform.***

Berkeley, Cal., March 1 ONE WHO USED A CHAIR

Hunger in Chicago

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On January 15 the Census Bureau, under the direction of the President's Commission on Unemployment, started a check on the number out of work in twenty cities of the country. The survey was supposed to be finished by February 15, and the results were to be made public by March 1. To date not one result has reached the public.

Meanwhile, Acting Police Commissioner Alcock in explaining the big increase of burglaries and stick-ups is reported by the press to have said: "With 400,000 men out of work and walking the streets, some increase in crime is to be expected." Chicago's male working population is slightly over 800,000. Today, United Charities of Chicago sent 25,000 requests to patrons

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for more funds. Each week sees more requests for aid, and the treasury is almost empty. Two months ago the presence of women and children in bread lines was cause for comment. Last Sunday one church organization reported 350 women and children among its 5,000 applicants for bread and soup.

I did not see Chicago mentioned in your country-wide survey of unemployment published in the issue of March 11. The policy of the press in this city of famine and destitution is one of discreet silence in regard to unemployment. I hope your correspondent here makes a survey of the situation. *The Nation* is about all we can depend upon for the facts of the disaster.

Chicago, March 12 ROBERT W. SHOEMAKER

The French Loan

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have never been able to understand *The Nation's* attitude toward the money question and the role the bankers are playing. When, sometime ago, *The Nation* patted the bankers on the back for their evident desire to keep the peace of the world by opposing international trade barriers, I became convinced that *The Nation* apparently does not see straight. Now, again, you see a favorable sign in the French loan to Germany, because it "seems to suggest that German credit is believed to be good and that serious political difficulties between the two countries are not expected."

The true state of affairs between France and Germany, and also between America and Germany, is unfortunately of a totally different nature. For by French and American loans Germany is to be enslaved and crippled permanently. This is not a war cry, but a cold fact. As you know very well, Germany had to surrender part of her ownership in the national railroads to a mixed concern of foreigners, largely American. The city of Berlin had to surrender quite recently part of its public utilities to a group of Allied bankers. These money transactions simply mean the replacement of public stewardship by the private exploiter. The war which ended not with the war, Anglo-Saxon exploitation against German administration, is just beginning. The World War merely made the victim helpless.

Palo Alto, Cal., March 1 F. WERTGEN

Contributors to This Issue

ROBERT WHITAKER is a liberal clergyman long resident in California.

GUIDO H. MARX is professor of machine design at Stanford University.

CHARLES J. FINGER is the author of many books of adventure, of which the most recent is "Adventure Under Sapphire Skies."

NORMAN MACLEOD is the author of "German Lyric Poetry" and is at present on the staff of the *New Masses*.

EDA LOU WALTON is assistant professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University.

GERALD SYKES is a writer of fiction.

ERNEST GRUENING, formerly managing editor of *The Nation*, now editor of the Portland *Evening News*, has recently returned from a trip to the West Indies.

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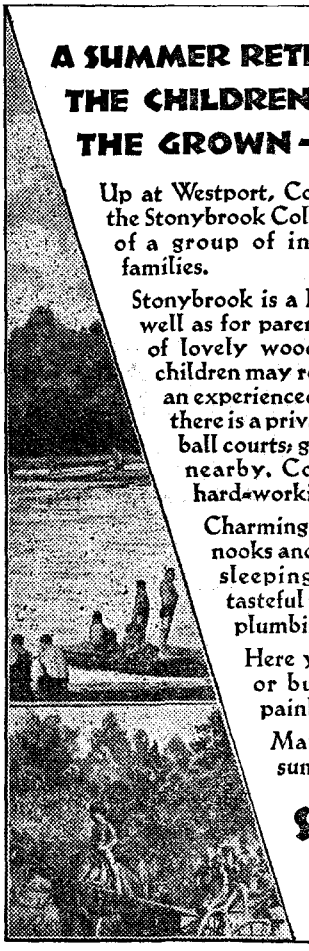
May we drive you up soon some sunny day?



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Books, Films, Drama

Inquest

By NORMAN MACLEOD

In the cup of earth shelved by the pyramids of mountains
the *penitente* towns are quiet, immovable,
dark in the pale of distant sunlight,
shadows thrown into the pit of living darkness.
The thought of villages that cycle seasons
until the cry of Easter is a welt upon the body
and the land. Time goes over with the song of sadness
and against the incontrovertible years
the adobes hold the color of sun within the walls
until the wine of life evaporates and the heart is still
and the cactus creeps upon the sand
and flowers redder than any lash
upon the breast of a forest fire.

How Novels Get Bad Marx

IN the last ten pages of a pamphlet called "American Literature at the Crossroads,"* Mr. V. F. Calverton does me the honor of replying at length to my criticism of Michael Gold's attack on Thornton Wilder. As Mr. Calverton so astonishingly misinterprets my position and hence (though I am sure unintentionally) so profoundly misrepresents it, and as the critical issues involved, moreover, seem to me of central importance, I am permitting myself a few remarks in rejoinder.

The article that Mr. Calverton replies to appeared in *The Nation* of November 26. In the first paragraph of that article I remarked:

> Hardly have we emerged from a wave of humanist criticism, which rated a work of fiction low or high in direct ratio to the amount of will-to-refrain exhibited by its hero, than we are hit by a wave of Communist criticism, which hoots or hails a work of art in proportion as it seems to oppose, ignore, or support the opinions of a German economist who died in 1883.

In the last paragraph I concluded:

> The economic standards of the Communists fail disastrously in criticism for the same reason that the conventionally moral standards of the new humanists fail. Literary values are too comprehensive, too delicate, too complex, too profound, to be tested by such narrow and too, too simple standards.

Returning to the subject in an article called Standards (Loud Cheers) in *The Nation* of December 3, I wrote:

> If [the critic] assumes that there are in literature rules, standards, or canons arbitrarily set off in a special compartment from the rest of life he will make the mistake of pedants and mandarins. . . . All his experience, all his reading, all his knowledge of art, science, society, will enter into his judgment of a book as it enters into his judgment of a man. His standards in literature, in brief, will not be essentially different from his standards in life.

Surely it would have been difficult for me to state more clearly that I did not believe in what is called "pure" literature, or "pure" art; surely this was an obvious acknowledgment—even insistence—that art and literature have, among other things, a "social significance." Yet in the teeth of all this, Mr. Calverton, along with the *New Masses* of last January, persists in regarding me as an art-for-art's-saker. Mr. Calverton even writes, as if he were *answering* me: "Art then must be conceived of as a part of life, a living part of it and not an embroidered excrescence." My objection to Michael Gold's type of criticism, he remarks, springs from the fact that I am "primarily an aesthetic critic." Now so far am I from being an aesthetic critic in the sense Mr. Calverton implies, that I cannot even imagine—except possibly as applied to abstract decoration or a piece of music, and even these exceptions are dubious—what a purely "aesthetic" judgment means. It is Mr. Calverton who in this sense is the "aesthetic" critic, as I shall presently show.

I may point out here that so far from dismissing my main criticism of Mr. Gold's Wilder review Mr. Calverton ends by indorsing it. "[Mr. Gold's] review as it now stands," he writes, "reads more like a moral indictment than a critical attack. It is an indictment of Wilder's philosophy but not a criticism of Wilder's work. In other words, the literary qualities involved in Wilder's novels are scarcely touched upon at all." This is pretty close to the point I was making; I added that it was the application of the same sort of standard that led Mr. Gold not only to denounce Mr. Wilder's work but into such extravagances as that of hailing a novel called "Strike!" as "a burning and imperishable epic."

Mr. Calverton, though more or less Communist in spirit and doctrine, knows better than to apply such a standard when he criticizes a book himself. He is not carried off his feet by the propagandistic novels of Upton Sinclair because he recognizes, to put it bluntly, that most of Mr. Sinclair's characters are wax dummies. The novels of Mr. Gold and Mr. Dos Passos are far better from this standpoint; and it would be absurd to deny their value because they are "proletarian" in spirit: the fact even adds to their interest, though it does not raise them from good novels to masterpieces.

Mr. Calverton thinks he has hit upon the justification for his own sensible critical practice in a neat division which he finds in literary work between "social significance" and "craftsmanship." This division he takes from an article in the *New Republic* (which, though unsigned, I assume to have come from the hand of Edmund Wilson) also commenting on Mr. Gold's review: "When we consider a work of art," the article declared, "we must consider it not only from the point of view of its social significance, but also from the point of view of its craft. A Communist critic who, in reviewing a book, ignores the author's status as a craftsman is really denying the dignity of human work for purposes of political propaganda." Now there is only one reason why I cannot accept this neat division: it is altogether too simple, too tidy. It would be valid only if "social significance" meant one definite thing, and "craftsmanship" meant *everything else* that one could find in a novel: not only its structure, its "style"—with all that implies—but its character delineation, its psychological insight or profundity, its knowledge of special subjects, countries, regions, its knowledge of the world, its entire outlook on life, its humor, intensity, originality, flavor, force. Long before one can stretch the word "craftsmanship" to cover all these meanings it has snapped. "Craftsmanship," as commonly used, implies a mere technical or structural excellence—as when we speak of the craftsmanship of Pope's verse or Ibsen's plays—*and it scarcely promotes clarity of thought to strain the word* out of this common meaning. That Mr. Calverton unconsciously does use "craftsmanship" in this narrower sense—and thereby unintentionally reveals its inadequacy as a comprehensive literary standard—is shown by the following remark:

* University of Washington Chapbooks.

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> While [the critic] may regret much that [the older classical authors] have written in scorn of the masses—Shakespeare for instance—he cannot but admire their genius as craftsmen in their art. The revolutionary critic, however, does not want to turn back to the ideas of these men for his inspiration. He is perfectly willing to learn from them as craftsmen, building upon the additions that they made to the writing craft in order to perfect his own contribution, but he is not willing to adopt their philosophy.

Mr. Calverton, in other words, imagines that he can draw a line through a great writer and put his "ideas" on the right and his "craftsmanship" on the left. To see just how naive this assumption is, let us give it an application quite concrete. I hope I may be forgiven if I take for this purpose Macbeth's almost too familiar:

> Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
> Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
> To the last syllable of recorded time;
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
> Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more: it is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing.

What part of this, would Mr. Calverton say, is "craftsmanship" (which the revolutionary critic would accept) and what part "ideas" (which he would reject)? Has the first any important meaning except in relation to the second? What becomes of the tidy bifurcation?

A work of art, in brief, is a unit; the critic's judgment of it must be based, not on any single quality, but on all its qualities taken together. For convenience of discussion the critic may sometimes emphasize this or that aspect almost as if it existed in isolation—provided he remembers constantly that it really does nothing of the kind. And though, in a work of imaginative literature, whether play or poem or novel, the special political or economic views expressed or implied are not strictly speaking irrelevant, we come back to the fact that they are in the end of very little importance in their bearing on that play's or poem's or novel's ultimate literary value. No intelligent critic really gives a tinker's dam today whether or not Shakespeare was sound on democracy. No one of sense withholds his estimate of Joyce as novelist until he learns his ideas on socially necessary labor time or the Five-Year Plan. Such standards would not only be narrow; they would be in the strictest sense fanatical.

HENRY HAZLITT

O Pioneers!

Jonathan Gentry. By Mark Van Doren. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

WITH the interest in our American tradition and in the significance of American history has come a revival of narrative poetry, the only modern form for summing up the meaning of a people. For the older epic came always at a turning-point in the history of a race or a religion, and our American history is but begun. Moreover, we are today psychologically incapable of looking upon human beings as akin to the gods or as men of heroic proportions, and the machinery of the epic, therefore, is inapt. Allegory too is largely a lost art; any meaningful allegory of the present, for one thing, would be far too complex to follow. Straightforward narrative remains, and story-telling in verse allows for a heightening of the subject not permissible to prose—for more lyricism and more intensity. It is this medium that Mark Van Doren has chosen in his romantic account of the pattern through which which the American pioneer and his sons and grandsons move.

"Jonathan Gentry" is a narrative poem which treats of five generations of the same family on this continent: the first Jonathan pioneered in the days of the settlements and explorations of the Ohio River valley in 1800, escaped from a dead past to a living present; the third Jonathan fought through the Civil War, not so much to free the slaves as because it was his own Civil War, threatening, as it did, his land and the deep peace of his land; the fifth Jonathan engages this very day in the struggle of the farm against the encroachment of the city.

Mr. Van Doren has given his story a unity by keeping within the history of a single family; he is enabled thus to indicate the strain which differentiates this family from other pioneers, for these are gentle and thoughtful men who love their land with a somber and convincing passion. The poet has chosen to present his materials lyrically and reflectively rather than dramatically. In his work, as in the work of most lyric poets who turn to the longer narrative forms, we find the employment of lyrical devices—devices which heighten the meaning of the narrative: a symbolic interpretation of the story is introduced, and the Ohio River becomes the river of life flowing into death; the monologue is employed here and again that we may know the innermost thoughts of the characters. Jonathan the first, watching the sea-gulls wheeling overhead, speaks:

> Shore-birds,
> Dwellers upon the dead edge,
> Criers above the white line of salt and beaten sand around the world,
> Wing Watchers
> Sick of the old sameness—
> Gulls it is not you I sailed to see.
> Lead me to the land again and go again
> Ruefully rising, rising,
> Desolate up and up forever behind me.
> Birds of an old world,
> My eyes are shaped for newness, and for wings
> Of Paradise above an inland river.

And when the fifth generation comes on and the last Jonathan watches his Love drift past him toward the magnet of the City, his emotion, too, is a lyrical emotion.

Other technical lyric devices are employed; the poem as a whole is written in free verse curving naturally to the curve of the feeling, swinging now and then into the exactly patterned lyric:

> No answer; but the sun upon the full unconscious river
> Spread a sudden purple; then the empty west.
> The people move away now and dumbly toward the cabin
> As sheep before a shepherd, driven into rest.
>
> No whisper told him, tall by the low bow,
> What his mind desired; nor could he hope to hear.
> All he had was silence, slipping up the river,
> All he had was night, lapping from the rear.

The old fiddler on the Ohio River sings songs about the new life to be explored; the soldiers marching keep step to crude tunes expressive of their own simple feelings, and the half-witted hired man of the last Jonathan Gentry interprets the distortion of life under the modern influences of jazz and the city when he bursts into irresponsible and crazy rhymes. Thus, although the poet never speaks save through a character, these devices serve to give his interpretation of the men he portrays and to shape the poem to an emotional unity. Gradually the story grows more dramatic as we move out of the past into the present, the poet evidently identifying himself more and more with the emotions expressed. The last portion of the book is, therefore, dramatically at highest pitch and certainly the most exciting chapter of the narrative.

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Mr. Van Doren understands his form and its limitations; he prefers subjective intensity to objective melodrama. His characters think and feel far more than they act, and we come to understand them rather through their minds than through their deeds. In this Mr. Van Doren differs sharply from Jeffers and is rather in agreement with Robinson.

It is not at all unlikely that the poem "Jonathan Gentry" came to Mr. Van Doren as an offshoot from his work on "An Autobiography of America." Everywhere today there is this interest in our own background: critics like Constance Rourke have turned to explore it; poets like MacLeish have come to acknowledge the necessity of having roots. The spirit of Whitman seems to be abroad again, now that we have proceeded far enough to take some account of the road over which we have traveled, and for the future history of American thought and literature this is very important. This poem of Mr. Van Doren's proceeds from and marks a new feeling for America.

EDA LOU WALTON

Walter de la Mare

On the Edge. By Walter de la Mare. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

ALTHOUGH his talent is not of the kind that demands critical evaluation, by this time we have had the opportunity to form an opinion of Walter de la Mare. We know the obvious things: his fantastic vein, his interest in the supernatural, his love of children. We also know that his work is not of the kind that is called major, that it is inclined to be bookish, to address itself to the literary connoisseur, to indulge in a questionable persiflage, and to wander far from the simple, important emotions. If we have read him with any love we know further that in spite of his limitations he is a genuine artist, that his sense of people and places is not bookish but real, that to exceptional narrative and verbal gifts he has joined a most scrupulous integrity, that his work is truly finished, each word being the product of both sensibility and imagination. He is thus able to provide us with a definite and enjoyable experience, which might be described as an adventure in good manners. And for this adventure we are indebted to a peculiar inward struggle, to a duel between two conflicting forces in his soul: between an exquisite romanticism on one hand, which would give carte blanche to his heart, and between a British sense of propriety on the other hand, which requires his heart to justify every beat.

Most of his old interests are to be found once more in this collection of eight new short stories. The supernatural, for instance, plays its part in three of them; literature, in two. One has for its hero a child. One is a sentimental fantasy recalling "Memoirs of a Midget." Only one, so far as I am aware, is new in type. That is The Orgy: An Idyll, which is a slowly unbuttoning farce with an idea that I at least have never before encountered. As a whole the collection seems up to his standard. I doubt, in fact, if any other stories of comparable workmanship have been published this season.

Since space is limited, let us confine ourselves to the story entitled At First Sight, which falls into the class of sentimental fantasy and recalls "Memoirs of a Midget." This is the longest story in the volume and reveals most clearly the creative drama which takes place within Mr. de la Mare. It is the story of a young man who at first sight appears to be blind, because of a green silk shade that he wears, but in reality is merely unable to lift his eyes off the ground. Thus, of course—as we might expect from Mr. de la Mare—he becomes "a connoisseur of horses' hoofs, boots and shoes, socks and laces, of the nether portion of trouser legs, and of feminine skirts, shoes, and ankles." Though closely guarded by his "Grummumma," he manages to meet a shopgirl (with the sensibilities of a princess) and falls in love with her. It would be impossible to find a better example of Mr. de la Mare's method. The design of his story is to be affecting. And affecting it is: we feel the pain in our own skull when poor Cecil tries to lift his eyes; we weep for his friendlessness; we are enraged by his Grummumma—"like an immense well-fed cat at a mouse's hole"—as she tries to frustrate his first shy move toward happiness; and we hope bitterly that he will get the girl. But we know from the start that he never will. We know that he is fighting a losing battle—and not against fate or his Grummumma, but against a mighty and unfair force (unfair because it exists not in himself or in the situation but in the soul of his creator), the mighty force, in fact, of British propriety. For the truth is that Mr. de la Mare would never have been able to lift *his* eyes if he had permitted Cecil to get the girl. He is a sentimentalist and—such is the weight of convention upon him—he is ashamed of his sentimentality. His method, therefore, is to begin with a sentimental idea and thereafter to justify it by systematically defeating it. (We find this principle at work not only in the general scheme of his story but in every page, every paragraph.)

This is the drama that takes place within Mr. de la Mare. We respect it since it has produced such exquisite art, such exquisite good manners. At the same time we regret that convention has been allowed to intrude in these matters. We think of another sentimentalist, Sterne, at a time when the British sense of propriety was not so strong, who did not consume so much of his energy in defeating his own genius, and produced a body of work that is lasting and universal.

GERALD SYKES

The Hope of Equality

Equality. By R. H. Tawney. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.25.

DESPITE the broad sweep of current economic and political reaction, Mr. Tawney remains an absolutely unterrified, even if thoroughly reasonable, equalitarian. He is in favor of getting, just as fast as we can, just as large a measure as possible of equality, in order to give just as wide scope as can be attained to those innate human differences which are often alleged as a defense of inequality. Our grossly unequal distribution of wealth and income depends largely on our institutions, which are determined, "not by immutable economic laws, but by the values, preferences, interests, and ideals which rule at any moment in a given society." Who disagrees with Mr. Tawney, let him look at Russia. We have inequality because most people believe economic, if not political, inequality a good thing. But Mr. Tawney would get rid of it so far as possible, as the only means of letting individual differences between people flower, and of setting up the relations between classes that are essential to a happy and civilized community. As it stands today, riches tyrannize over the poor because the poor revere riches; wealth does open the doors of opportunity, and poverty closes them. The only way of getting rid of that fatal reverence for riches is to make impossible "the existence of a class which is important merely because it is rich." Not in a long time has there been as keen an attack as this on inequality, supported with as great a weight of artillery.

When political equality entered modern life, the liberal movement that brought it in sanctified the inequalities of wealth and power that rested on economic differences, assuming that under the new political conditions wealth and property would be distributed in accordance with human deserts. The present equalitarian movement rightly denies that assumption. It un-

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dertakes to make the material conditions of culture and civilization available to all people, not simply to a minority; and it is determined to base industrial government on consent, not on the will of property-owners and their agents. Not only does Mr. Tawney give the movement his blessing, but he holds it possible for us to attain the ends it sets forth, if we really want to. His common-sense hopefulness is a welcome contrast to the bleak economic determination of the apostles of inevitable class struggle, and his hope is not without ground.

How are we to move toward equality? The Communists have one way, which most of us do not like. Mr. Tawney rightly counters the silly statement that equal division of present income would simply leave everyone poor, by pointing out that nobody outside a Communist state, or indeed in it, attempts or contemplates such a method. The line of progress outside communism lies in providing, by progressive taxation, out of the social surplus the essential conditions of health, education, and civilization for all members of society "irrespective of their income, occupation, or social position." Society has got to make collective provision because the citizen individually, even with generous income, cannot do it himself. The history of such provision has given the lie to the predictions of disaster that have preceded every extension of social services.

Having carried his argument to this point, Mr. Tawney takes up the notion that such social services ruin industry by necessitating heavy taxes. His discussion may be commended to those timid souls, many of them highly placed in government and industry, who fear to see American industry destroyed and the American spirit enfeebled by any policy which contemplates putting at the disposal of every member of the community by public action the material essentials of good living. His argument is animated by courage and common sense.

Even such communal provision of necessaries, Mr. Tawney points out, will not take us far on the road to equality unless economic power is to be shifted from its present holders—those who happen to own—to a group who will exercise it with social responsibility. Economic government must become a public matter. Mr. Tawney looks forward to a time when final authority on organization and policy in the industries will rest in the hands of groups nominated by the state, by organizations of consumers, and by the workers of all grades. In view of recent revelations in coal and cotton, he points out very effectively that "the pretense that the capitalist is the heaven-inspired guardian of economic efficiency is a bluff too unplausible even to be entertaining." Recognizing the advantages of nationalization in the necessary processes of reorganization, Mr. Tawney is ready to provide for a wide variety of plans of organization and control, but he is insistent on driving forward with the process of socializing—that is, organizing in behalf of the general welfare, not the profits of investors—the key industries, banking, transport, power, coal, and land and agriculture.

The purpose of the attempt to equalize the externals of life is not "to pamper the gross bodily appetites of the envious multitude, but to free the spirit of all." The argument is a keen one. The chief enemy of the life of the spirit "is itself a religion . . . the idolatry of wealth, with . . . its strong sense of the sanctity of possessions and weak sense of the dignity of human beings, and its consequent emphasis, not on the common interests which unite men, but on the accidents of property and circumstance and economic condition which divide them." To destroy that faith we must make haste toward the equality of wealth, not because wealth intrinsically is highly important, for it is not; but because under our present organization its possession means opportunity and its lack denial of opportunity, and because equalization offers our only practicable means of changing that stubborn fact. Mr. Tawney's equalitarianism rests on a firm spiritual foundation.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Books in Brief

Revolt in the Arts. By Oliver M. Sayler. With Contributions by Thirty-six Representative Authorities. Brentano's. $3.50.

Of the two almost equal parts that make up this book, one, the work of Mr. Sayler, gives a general review of the subject, and the other represents a symposium by a number of "authorities" dealing with their respective arts. There is not much evidence of revolt in these shorter contributions, with the exception, perhaps, of the characteristically iconoclastic proclamation by Frank Lloyd Wright. Nor is it to be wondered at, seeing that the aesthetic revolt has definitely subsided in most of the arts and that we are now passing through a period of stock-taking. Even in the wider sense in which Mr. Sayler uses the term—the sense of a revolution in the conditions of art work due to the growing prominence of machine-made art—the essays of the symposium reveal no particular state of disturbance except in the fields of the theater and concert music, where the talking picture and the radio have made important conquests. But there can be no question of the importance of the problem itself. In fact, there are two problems here: that of the influence of the machine on the creative processes of art, and that of the commercial methods of "selling" art to the masses. While it is theoretically possible for the artist to become the master of the machine, it is extremely doubtful that under the present economic system he will ever succeed in imposing his will on the business organizations engaged in large-scale manufacture and distribution of art. Mr. Sayler's optimism in this respect is incredibly naive. Not only does he welcome the growing influence of the machine-made art, but he even hopes to see the "hand-made" art saved for the American public by generous endowments to be provided, "with no strings attached to them," by the self-same big business that cultivates Hollywood atrocities and advertisers' programs on the radio.

Francis Dana. By W. P. Cresson. The Dial Press. $5.

A somewhat reactionary, moderately able, high-minded man, Francis Dana served his country in several offices of contemporary importance from 1780 until his death. Chief among his services were those as diplomatic representative of the Continental Congress at the Russian court, and as an associate justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts after independence was won. In this somewhat discursive biography by Mr. Cresson, who has himself been a diplomat, it is the Russian mission which looms largest. The results of that mission were, happily for us, of a purely negative sort, and Dana displayed a "masterful inactivity." This first full-length biography of him is based upon a considerable amount of manuscript sources, though some important ones known to have existed at one time have been lost. A careful study of the Russian negotiations, based on the sources and by a trained scholar and diplomatist, makes an excellent footnote to history, though the abortive mission was never of the first importance. Dana, however, as a public servant and as a personality, cannot be considered as entitled to a 400-page biography. Both his modest achievements and his somewhat colorless mind and character have to be spread too thin. American mental standardization seems to require that a biography to be serious or salable has to be of octavo size and one and a half inches thick. This is not Mr. Cresson's fault, and the remark is not intended to discredit his book, which contains some new and interesting material. Dana, his work, and the new material, however, would all stand out more clearly in a book half the size and better proportioned to the subject.

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A Year on the Great Barrier Reef. By C. M. Yonge. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.

Not the least remarkable natural feature of Australia is the great coral reef which parallels the coast of Queensland for hundreds of miles. The first description of it we have is that in Cook's "Voyages." Cook got inside the reef, much to the complication of his navigation problems in unknown seas. The problem of coral formations has engaged the attention of many minds, but the really fruitful study of the subject seems to have been started by Charles Darwin, whose observations and speculations began during the voyage of the Beagle. The present book is the popular account of the Great Barrier Reef expedition of 1928-29, sent out from England by the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The scientific reports are in the process of being printed elsewhere. Mr. Yonge, the leader of the expedition, has written his book with two ideas in mind: first, to tell what corals really are and something about the reefs and islands they have built, and, second, to describe the Great Barrier Reef. In both purposes he has succeeded admirably, for his book is an excellent mixture of a popular account of a scientific expedition and a statement of what the reef is and what it looks like, in terms the layman can follow. Without pretending to be a finished literary document, the book is clearly written. Mr. Yonge does not stop at the narrow bounds of his subject, but ventures into the economic significance of the reef and makes short excursions into such subjects as the pearling industry which centers at Thursday Island in the Torres Strait. Altogether this is one of the very best books of its kind and a distinct contribution to Australiana.

Discords Mingled. By Carl Engel. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

A scholar and a wit are companionate in the person of the chief of the music division of the Library of Congress. Both speak in these fifteen essays, which range from occasional papers on the Schubert and Beethoven centenaries to discussions of Schönberg, Antheil, and our omnipresent *enfant terrible*—jazz. As an advocate Mr. Engel is most persuasive—witness his argument leading to the conclusion that good jazz is "chaos in order — orchestral technique of master-craftsmen — music that is recklessly fantastic, joyously grotesque." How formidable an opponent he can be stands patent in his skilful demolition of Ernest Newman's "The Unconscious Beethoven."

Federal India. By Colonel K. N. Haksar, C.I.E., and K. M. Panikkar. London: Martin Hopkinson. 10s. 6d.

An important problem in reorganizing the government of India is that of the semi-independent Indian states, which are not within the purview of direct British administration although they are scattered throughout the country like the colored sections of variegated marble. No plan for India will be feasible that does not include them, and the Round Table Conference in London aimed to arrive at an understanding between them and British India. In this book is presented to those interested a description of the federal form of government that would satisfy these states, which asks many safeguards for the rights of the states and offers the surrender of few prerogatives.

Firebird and Other Poems. By Herbert J. Seligmann. Privately Printed. $2.

It is a pity that Mr. Seligmann has not yet mastered a verse form for his severe, sensitive, and personal poetry. His individuality is not to be questioned, but while the matter is interesting the form is not. Its rhythms are shapeless and indecisive. One reads heavily through them. The carelessness for form extends to the punctuation. Several of the poems have none at all. The effect, intended perhaps to simplify meaning and structure, succeeds only in dulling both.

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The Quest of Pan. By Chard Powers Smith. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

This book, the beginning of a trilogy on evolution, attempts the epic style and for the most part fails to achieve it. Pan is made symbol of the body of man and its progress toward perfection. We meet the god first as a furry, animal-like baby-god formed in the image of the monkey tribe. He grows in stature and experience, and comes at last into the realization of beauty. Through this beauty, which, psychologically, is the desire to return to the source, the womb of life, the first great step toward man's physical greatness is achieved. The ideas of this epic, however, and the symbolism are often a bit vague; and the poetry, although at times rather vaguely majestic, is often very dull.

Three Thousand Years of Rome. By Dunbar von Kalckreuth. Translated from the German by Caroline Frederick. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

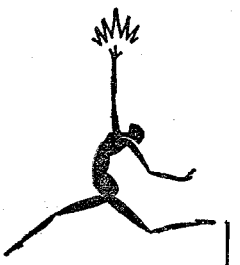
Their eminences Thomas Mann, Stefan Zweig, Emil Ludwig, and Viscount Lord Haldane praise this book excessively. It has no more than a novelty of method to recommend it. The novelty is to summon up contemporaries in all the successive periods to show the reader around the town and discuss current affairs. The method gives immediacy to the pages, and renders a solid book readable. Its style, however, is insensitively rhetorical; its apostrophes to the Eternal City are both hysterical and trite; and its history depends too heavily on allusion .

Films

With Benefit of Music

SINCE its earliest days the moving picture has always appeared before the public arm in arm with music. There has never been a satisfactory explanation of this alliance, although, on the face of it, it has often seemed not a little incongruous. Why should a silent film need music at all? Clearly, a film that finds its complete expression in visual images can gain nothing through the addition of musical accompaniment. More likely it will even suffer from such intrusion of a foreign medium, for music will be either repeating what is already present in the film, or adding something of its own to what in itself is a complete and perfectly balanced composition. To see a silent film "cold," that is, unaccompanied by music, has been the recognized test of its success or failure in standing on its own feet. Needless to say, the vast majority of silent films never passed this test. Denied the support of music, they appeared emaciated, bloodless, lacking in emotional appeal and dramatic accent. It was to cover these sins of artistic incompetence that music was dragged in as a ready dispenser of emotional stimuli.

But if music supplied poor films with what they lacked—and apart from realistic sound effects, the thing they lacked most was intrinsic dramatic rhythm—it seemed natural to conclude that better music would add further to the appeal of the film. To be sure, the musical exercises of the movie orchestras, not to mention the young ladies who earned their livelihood by strumming the movie pianos, could stand a great deal of improvement. A more intelligent selection, arrangement, and synchronization of the musical material would have been a decided step forward. Paradoxically enough, it has been the much-maligned talking picture that has accomplished this improvement, even if it has been far from perfect in its reproduction of sound. But this still left much to be desired in the eyes, or rather ears, of the devotees of music. The younger



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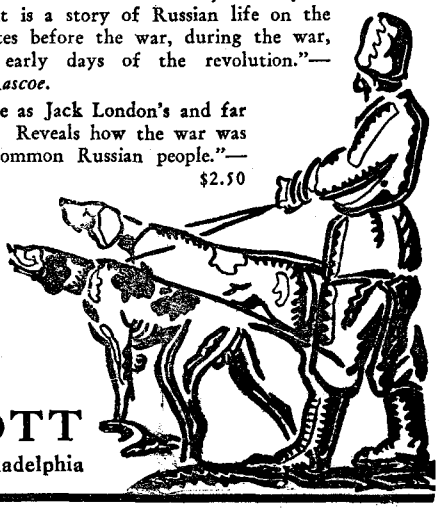

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WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT

Plays to See

*As You Desire Me—Maxine Elliott's—39 St. E. of B'way.
‡Fine and Dandy—Erlangers—W. 44 St.
*Five Star Final—Cort—48 St. E. of B'way.
*Grand Hotel—National—W. 41 St.
‡Meet My Sister—Shubert—44 St. W. of B'way.
*Miracle of Verdun—Beck—45 St. W. of 8 Ave.
†Once in a Lifetime—Music Box—W. 45 St.
*The Admirable Crichton—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
*The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Empire—49 St. and B'way.
†The Greeks Had a Word For It—Harris—42 St. W. of B'way.
*The Green Pastures—Mansfield—W. 47 St.
‡The New Yorkers—Broadway—44 St. W. of B'way.
‡Three's a Crowd—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
*Tomorrow and Tomorrow—Miller—43 St. E. of B'way.
†Vinegar Tree—Playhouse—48 St. E. of B'way.

* Drama. † Comedy. ‡ Musical.

Films

Zwei Herzen Im 3-4 Takt—55 St. Playhouse——E. of 7 Ave.
News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.
Cimarron—Globe—B'way and 46 St.
City Lights—Geo. M. Cohan—B'way and 43 St.
Wien Du Stadt Der Lieder—Little Carnegie—57 St. E. of 7 Ave.
Transport of Fire—8th Street Playhouse—52 W. 8 St.
Trans-Lux—Modern Theatre—58 St. at Madison Ave.
Tabu—Central Park—59 St. and 7 Ave.
Ingagi—Central—47 St. and B'way.
Le Petit Cafe—5 Ave Playhouse—66 Fifth Ave.

Music

Philharmonic Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Thurs. eve., Mar. 26; Fri eve., Mar. 27; Sat. eve., Mar. 28. Program includes Elgar, Introduction and Allegro, Ravel, Daphnis and Chloe.
League of Composers—Metropolitan Opera House—Tues. eve., April 21—Stravinsky's Oedipus Rex and Prokofieff's Le Pas d'Acier.
Jose Iturbi—Carnegie Hall—Tues. eve., Apr. 7.

Lectures and Discussions

Unemployment and Civic Corruption—Citizens' Protest Meeting—Carnegie Hall—Mon. eve., Mar. 30 at 8:30.
The Menace of Censorship—Luncheon Discussion—American Civil Liberties Union—Hotel Woodstock, Sat., Mar. 28 at 12:30 P. M.
Tomorrow and Social Aspects of Birth Control, Margaret Sanger—Auditorium, 150 W. 85 St., Tues. eve., Mar. 31 at 8:30.
Some Favorite Novelists, John Galsworthy—Brooklyn Academy of Music, Lafayette Ave. and St. Felix St., Mon. eve., Apr. 6 at 8:30.

composers of the more advanced school have been attracted by the problem, and at the recent Copland-Sessions concert at the Broadhurst Theater the public was given the opportunity to appraise some of their efforts in this direction.

It is not for me to pass an opinion on the music that accompanied the showing of the five films on that occasion. The fact that was more important than the quality of the music was its utter irrelevancy to the films shown. It was almost incredible. Here were three composers obviously appreciative of their own medium—one of them, Darius Milhaud, already enjoying a world-wide fame—deciding to lend their talents to the creation of a composite form of art, the musical film. And how did they go about it? First, they chose films that were the least suitable for musical treatment (and in the case of Milhaud, unworthy of any attention at all); and, secondly, having chosen the films, they proceeded to ignore the very foundation of the moving picture as a medium, its inner dynamics, its rhythm. In the face of this obvious blindness to the inner structure of the film, one can only wonder why they ever bothered to try their hand at something so far from their special interests and comprehension as the art of the film.

The pity of it all is that three of the films shown, the works of Mr. Ralph Steiner, deserved better consideration. Mr. Steiner has not yet developed into a cinematic artist. He is still essentially a photographer of still subjects. He has an excellent eye for the graphic form and pattern, but has not yet learned the importance of dynamic organization of the raw material of the camera. In "H_2O," his first picture, the variety of patterns was so amazingly effective that it made up for the lack of dynamic unity in the picture as a whole. His two other little pictures, "Surf and Seaweed" and "Mechanical Principles," were less interesting in their material and even more spineless in their cinematic structure. The accompanying music only emphasized their shortcomings.

Alexander Bakshy

Drama

Great-Heart in West Hills

"THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL," Channing Pollock's new play at the Apollo Theater, tells a story which any retelling would make ridiculous. Yet I must retell it. Archibald, a timid and commonplace young bond salesman, marries Jennifer, a good and beautiful and earnest maiden, in the first year of the twentieth century. Looking for a home to grow up and old in, they are persuaded by a real-estate agent to buy and build in the wilderness of West Hills, New Jersey. They do so; a few friends do likewise; thirty years pass; and in the end we are aware that another suburb exists, with trains, pavements, drug-stores, and a mayor. Meanwhile, Archibald and Jennifer have lived and died like heroes. Archibald, without losing his commonplaceness, keeps a kind of sheeplike honesty which prevents him from getting ahead very far in the world. His less scrupulous friends prosper by deeds which he will not do—such, for instance, as selling questionable bonds. He hardly ever takes a drink, and he is a perfectly faithful husband. So is Jennifer a perfectly faithful wife; she refuses even to run in for matinees with her rather flighty neighbor, Mrs. Baxter; charged with indifference to romance, she replies that it is romantic to keep her little home safe and beautiful for her good husband and her good son—for in time there is a son. She performs the further function of reassuring Archibald at those moments when he doubts that he has done right by being a good man; of course

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he has—holding his hand; as a matter of fact, he is the salt of the earth, a great as well as a good man, a knight in shining armor. He remarks that if he is a great man, then there are millions of great men in the world. She says that is true. And she is wonderful at the crisis of his life, which is the climax of the play. He is mayor of West Hills now, and must fight a proposal to repeal the zoning law according to which houses worth less than $8,000 cannot be built in West Hills. Guy Stayton, the villain of the piece and Archibald's employer, proposes to kill the law and start building houses worth $4,000. Archibald, who has been elected on an anti-repeal platform, holds out; Stayton discharges him; and shortly he fades away in Jennifer's arms. But she makes it clear to him as he dies that he has fought a good fight. A few years later she joins him in the death he has so honorably earned, and the son carries on the battle against $4,000 homes.

Ridiculous, yes; and I can imagine that a reading of the text would make it seem equally so. Yet in the theater the other night I was curiously interested and moved. This glorification of all the virtues we have been taught in our best literature to despise, this sentimentalization of all that is average and dull—well, in spite of everything I found myself rather respectful. I had been assured that it would be a *Ladies' Home Journal* play, but it turned out to be better than that. It was a "Pilgrim's Progress" play. For Mr. Pollock seems to have been possessed with more than the mere idea, which anyone else might have had, of defending the average American against our satirists; he has been possessed with a passion for the material he treats, and with a vision of it which can scarcely fail to give it some sort of importance. He has been humorous, too, which helps. But above all he has had the courage of his sentimentality, he has gone the whole way; and I cannot help respecting such a gesture. He owes much, it should be said, to the performance he got; Jo Mielziner's sets were convincing as well as ingenious; the acting of Mary Phillips as Jennifer and of James Bell as Archibald was heroically complete; and the little interpolated moments of darkness when at the back of the stage, somewhere in the clouds, we saw ramparts with knights on them (these being the visions of Jennifer) and heard trumpets calling to battle against the repeal of zoning laws—well, absurd as they were, I liked them. I do not say that "The House Beautiful" is an important play; I simply say that it would be silly to dismiss it in the terms that almost automatically, our best literature being what it is, spring to one's lips.

It is vastly more interesting than "Miracle at Verdun," the stunt which the Theater Guild has imported from the German of Hans Chlumberg (Martin Beck Theater). This, with all its technique of triple projections and synchronized sounds, with all its brilliantly massed scenes in the Chamber of Deputies and elsewhere, leaves me deathly cold. The idea of the play, for one thing, seems to have nothing in it. Thirteen million dead men rise from their graves in France and march home—to find that the world is none the better for their sacrifice. But we knew that, and I cannot see that anything is added by having thirteen million men find it out. The irony is superfluous and excessive. At least the play adds nothing to our knowledge of past or present; and so I sat unmoved. I could of course take a certain interest in the elaborate and probably costly technique; but I could not feel that it had been worth while, or even applied with imagination.

"Napi," a comedy by Brian Marlow from the German of Julius Berstl (Longacre Theater), is the thinnest of farces about a little shopkeeper in 1805 who looked so much like Napoleon that he substituted for him in the bed of La George of the Comédie Française. Its only excuse is that it furnishes a vehicle for the acting of Ernest Truex; but even that wore thin.

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Haiti Marches Toward Freedom

By ERNEST GRUENING

TEN and a half years ago, in the early fall of 1920, three Haitians came to the United States to plead their country's cause. It was their first opportunity after five years of military rule and still-continuing martial law. For the first time word of what had happened had passed the strict naval censorship, and *The Nation*, with the articles of Herbert J. Seligmann and James Weldon Johnson, had in the preceding summer made the facts concerning our crudest imperialistic venture known to the world. Presidential Candidate Warren G. Harding, whose attention had been called to *The Nation's* articles and to Major General Barnett's criticism of "indiscriminate killings" in Haiti, made the matter a campaign issue and denounced the "jamming" of a constitution made in the United States "down the throats . . . of helpless neighbors in the West Indies . . . at the points of bayonets borne by the United States marines." A Senatorial inquiry was pending. It was the psychological moment to present the Haitian case.

The three representatives of the Union Patriotique d'Haïti delegated with this important mission came to the offices of *The Nation* filled with the cumulative injustices, brutalities, and killings of the military occupation. Scarcely a year before, the uprising brought about by the ruthless application of the *corvée*—the forced road labor—had been bloodily put down by marine airplanes and machine-guns, with the death of some 2,500 Haitians, including women and children. "Bandits," the Occupation called them.

The three Haitian delegates were Sténio Vincent, Pauléus Sannon, and Perceval Thoby. Sannon was one of the two Cabinet members immortalized, though anonymously, in Admiral Caperton's famous message of September 8, 1915:

> Successful negotiation of treaty is predominant part of present mission. After encountering many difficulties, treaty situation at present looks more favorable than usual. This has been effected by the exercising of military pressure at propitious moments in negotiations. Yesterday two members of Cabinet who had blocked negotiations resigned. . . .

Sannon was one of the two who refused to assent to the signing away of their country's independence. Since his resignation fifteen years ago, he has steadfastly declined to countenance by word or deed the invasion and conquest of his country or to cooperate with the invaders—in consequence suffering personal privation and hardship which only an unflinching devotion to principle and a rare patriotism would have endured.

Last spring, given the first opportunity to register their will—in the first free and honest election in fifteen years—the Haitians elected Sténio Vincent President of Haiti. Pauléus Sannon is Secretary of Foreign Relations, back in the post which he so honorably quit fifteen years ago, and now charged with the pleasant, important, and delicate task of negotiating with United States Minister Dana Munro the "disoccupation" of Haiti by the Americans. Perceval Thoby is likewise in the Cabinet—as Secretary of Finance. The Congressional elections were a clean sweep for those who had never ceased to protest against the illicit imposition of a treaty and constitution on their country by *force majeure*. In the new Senate are Price-Mars, the distinguished littérateur; David Jeannot and Léon Nau of the executive committee of the Union Patriotique; Fouchard Martineau, who as a senator in 1915 steadfastly voted against the "pressure treaty"; Antoine Telemaque, imprisoned for his convictions; and Pierre Hudicourt, who, following the return of the Union Patriotique delegates, came to the United States, addressed public meetings, told Haiti's story to Senators like Borah, Norris, King, and the elder La Follette, and in 1923 journeyed to Santiago de Chile to the Fifth Pan-American Conference, where with Manuel Morillo of the Dominican Republic he called aloud for justice for those two small countries—an unscheduled interruption in the smoothly functioning palaver of official Pan-Americanism.

Finally, the president of the Chamber of Deputies is none other than Joseph Jolibois, fils, most-imprisoned of Haitian journalists—and indeed of all Haitians—whose unceasing protests have netted him seventeen jail terms totaling four years and seven months. Like William Lloyd Garrison, he would not compromise, he would not equivocate, and he would be heard. When I saw Jolibois ten years ago in Haiti, it was through iron bars. My fellow-journalist wore stripes. In a few weeks he will preside, gavel in hand, in the lower house, when the Congress of Haiti reconvenes for the first time in thirteen years since it was dissolved by General Cole for refusing to vote a constitution which gave foreigners the right to own land and placed the courts martial of the U. S. M. C. above the Haitian courts. It has been said that republics are ungrateful, but no such ingratitude has been in evidence since the Hoover Commission put an end to the collusive dictatorship of Russell and Borno.

I had expected to find universal satisfaction among the Haitians that the evacuation had been definitely set for 1936, and that the realization of the "Haiti joyeuse" of which Dantes Bellegarde has written so eloquently was not far off. But I found public sentiment among the elite curiously apprehensive and tense. Would the Occupation really get out? Could American promises be trusted after so many betrayals? And suppose Mr. Hoover should not be reelected in 1932, might not his successor reverse his policy? To which it seemed obvious to reply, as a personal conviction firmly held, that the United States had publicly promised to retire from Haiti in the course of the next five years, and that likewise the trend of present United States policy, as shown by events in Mexico, the announcement of withdrawal of the marines from Nicaragua, and recent declarations by Secretary Stimson, was all away from coercion and toward friendliness and arbitration.

Why, then, it was asked, did "Haitianization"—the turning over of the so-called treaty services to a Haitian

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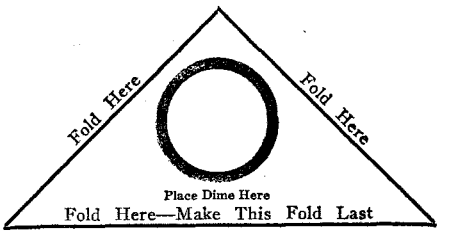

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personnel—not proceed more rapidly? Mr. Dana Munro, the American Minister, had been there three months, and nothing had happened. Moreover, why, if the Hoover Administration really wished to change things, had it not removed some of the objectionable (to the Haitians) officials and substituted others with a new outlook? Why had Washington sent Mr. Munro, "un nourrisson du département d'état"—a nursling of the State Department—a former assistant chief of the Latin American Division, an official brought up and steeped in the ways of Caribbean imperialism? As was to be expected, he was getting his viewpoint from the Occupation officials. Why had President Hoover not sent Monsieur William Allen White, for instance, who had so rapidly won the Haitians' affection and esteem, and seemed to understand their point of view?

To which the obvious answer was to repeat that the "disoccupation" policy had been pledged; that the Forbes Commission might easily have been loaded with members favorable to continued occupation; that, finally, President Hoover would not have needed to accept its recommendations. Likewise, that three months was too short a time to expect material progress in turning over a complicated administrative structure that for fifteen years had been directed by Americans. Why not be a little patient?

The fact is that a state of psychic tension exists among the Haitians. It is easily understandable after what they have endured for fifteen years. The bloodshed of a year ago last December, arising from the students' strike in the vocational schools, was an ominous warning that the repression could not be endured much longer. The Forbes Commission found a highly inflamed state of public mind. Had it not acted with promptness and effectiveness there would unquestionably have been a widespread uprising with a reckless disregard of fatal consequences. And despite the break in that intolerable tension and the great relief brought about by the elimination of the "puppet President," Borno, the abolition of the High Commissionership with the withdrawal of General Russell, and the restoration of Haitian self-government to the extent of a free election of legislature and president, the tension continues. The passage from Rostand's "L'Aiglon" in which Dietrichstein, the preceptor of Napoleon's son at the Austrian court, declares "Le prince n'est pas prisonnier, mais . . ." is bandied about as descriptive of Haiti's plight today. "Haiti is free—but . . ." And indeed the Haitian state of mind resembles that of a man long imprisoned who a few weeks before the end of his term risks all by making a break for liberty.

The official American point of view is that the United States has an obligation to the people of Haiti which it must discharge, that the continuation of "efficient and stable government" must be insured before withdrawal in 1936. In the words of one important United States official: "We want to be sure once we go out that we don't have to come back." From this follows logically the assumption that the United States through its representatives in Haiti shall determine when and how—within the next five years—the "Haitianization" of the treaty services shall take place. There, precisely, lies the arena of existing tension and disagreement.

The Haitians are unanimous in their desire to have the "Haitianization" completed at the earliest moment. Addressing the members of the "First Seminar in the Caribbean," President Vincent declared his belief that the Haitians who during the last fifteen years had been employed in the treaty services had sufficiently mastered their routine and were prepared to assume full responsibilities. In the opinion of his government the Department of Public Works and the Collector Receiver General's department ought to be turned over in not less than a year, and the Public Health Service and agricultural schools in not less than two years, while various services not formally comprehended in the treaty should be transferred at once. (These had been gradually taken over by the Americans with the connivance of Borno.) A counter-proposal which fixes limits less definitely and is apparently dependent on the speed with which Haitians qualify—in the opinion of the American authorities—embodies the official United States attitude.

Unofficially Haitians express the view that with the whole Occupation based on a treaty and constitution imposed by force and fraud, the treaty should be annulled and, if necessary, a new treaty negotiated. Indeed, from the American standpoint, such would seem to be the proper and honorable course. It will be recalled, and is pertinent, that in 1922 twenty-four eminent American lawyers, including the late Moorfield Storey, Louis Marshall, and Adelbert Moot, as well as Charles C. Burlingham, Raymond B. Fosdick, Charles P. Howland, George W. Kirchwey, Tyrrell Williams, and Zechariah Chafee, Jr., issued a brief which, after reviewing the circumstances of the United States' entry into Haiti, came to the following conclusion:

> We declare without qualification that the honor and good name of the United States, the preservation of the sovereignty and the cherished liberty of Haiti and her right to fair dealing on the part of the United States, as well as the possibility of assuring the continuance in the future of honorable and amicable relations between our country and Latin America based on trust and confidence, all require:
>
> (a) The immediate abrogation by the United States of the treaty of 1915, unconditionally and without qualification.
>
> (b) The holding of elections of representatives to the legislative bodies of Haiti and of a president by the free will of the people at an early day.
>
> (c) The negotiation of a new treaty with a new Haitian administration for friendly cooperation between the United States and Haiti upon such terms as shall be mutually satisfactory to both countries and by the methods that obtain between free and independent sovereign states.

The second of these three recommendations has been carried out. Whether it is possible for a government virtually to confess error, as abrogation of the treaty would implicitly do, is another question. Governments, unfortunately, seldom act that way. In my judgment the recommendations of the twenty-four lawyers are as valid today as nine years ago. It is probable that the very tension and misunderstanding in Haiti might be relieved by negotiating with the Haitians from this day forward as with a sovereign and equal nation. Certainly Haiti now has a truly representative and popular government with which we could deal. And it is possible that once it was freely "up to" the Haitians to decide in what manner and how fast their public services should be "Haitianized," their tempo would be a little slower than that which they now seem to require. In thus reaffirming an attitude which unbiased and disinterested Americans of standing have publicly proclaimed, I desire, first, to dis-

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UNUSUALLY large one-room unfurnished apartment, kitchenette, tiled bath and shower. Centrally located, Southern exposure, high ceilings, fireplace, private house. Gramercy section. 219 E. 19th St.

ROOMS
SPLENDID, artistic, large, front studio, private house, family, separate entrance. Shower; twin beds; housekeeping privileges; sunny porch. Near drive. Amazingly reasonable to reliable cultured business peple. Edgecomb 4-7819. 614 W. 148th st.

POSITIONS WANTED
WELL known Little Theatre Director is available for coaching amateur production in or near New York City. Box 304, c/o *The Nation.*

YOUNG college instructor available for the summer; anything interesting. Box 307, c/o *The Nation.*

SECRETARY, full charge bookkeeper, stenographer-correspondent; master of all; efficiency, competence, ability, intelligence, personality, experienced. Box 313, c/o *The Nation.*

CAMP owners: Can you use a professional actor, 5 years waiter and headwaiter possessing a manner charming to all? Box 311, c/o *The Nation.*

CAMP secretary and bookkeeper for season; experienced, Jewish; ability and intelligence foremost. Available when needed. Box 314, c/o *The Nation.*

ASSISTANT CAMP DIRECTOR or Business Manager for Boys Camp wishes position for Summer. Four years experience on menus, accounts, shopwork, archery, etc. Shop instructor in Winter; Christian, intelligent. References. Box 316, c/o *The Nation.*

WORK WANTED—LOS ANGELES. Intelligent, capable woman, with varied office experience, would appreciate work which can be done at home during odd hours. Clerical work, sewing. Box 144, West Branch P. O., Los Angeles, Calif.

HELP WANTED
WANTED: Young or middle-aged woman to make a home and to mother 30 children. Salary $100 a month with maintenance. A love and understanding of children essential. Box 312, c/o *The Nation.*

CAPABLE shop and woodwork man, also arts and crafts woman teacher for playschool of 60 children in summer community camp, in Poconos. Six hours daily. Evenings free. Address Box 317, c/o *The Nation.*

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claim any desire to cast any monkey-wrench into the somewhat delicate processes of adjustment now under way in Haiti, for which certainly everyone, American or Haitian, of every shade of opinion should earnestly desire success; and, second, I wish to reemphasize the fact that I am viewing such abrogation of the treaty exclusively from the standpoint of the United States—the standpoint of our honor, repute, and good name. As far as Haiti is concerned, the question is, I believe, now largely academic, since we are on our way out, since five years is a very short time in the history of a country, since with their own President and Congress the Occupation will weigh less heavily henceforth, and since, moreover, whatever may be the convictions of Haitians of their ability to take over all the "treaty" services in short order, the process is not quite so simple.

The present differences between official Haiti and official United States derive from a divergent psychological approach. We have the tutelary complex. The Haitians resent it. Privately Americans will tell you that "Haiti is bound to relapse the minute we take our hands off." To which the Haitians reply in substance: (a) Nothing of the kind; or (b) well, if things go wrong it's because the Americans don't want us to succeed and will sabotage on the way out; or (c) that's our own lookout; it's our country.

The suspicion of a lack of sincerity in the carrying out of the evacuation is an unfortunate and inevitable product of the past. The Americans assert, on the other hand, that as soon as they get out the Haitian government will discharge all trained Haitians—on the spoils theory that these will have had good jobs for years and that it is time for others who have been "out" for a corresponding period to connect with the pay roll. Both these suspicions I hope and firmly believe are unfounded.

Typical of the absence of understanding, and the chief bone of contention just now, is "l'affaire Colvin." Carl Colvin was nominated by President Hoover last July to head the Service Technique, the system of vocational schools which the Haitians have objected to so bitterly. Their opposition has been due not so much to lack of appreciation of the need of agricultural and vocational training as to the Occupation's overemphasis and overexpenditure upon this service at the expense of the school system on the French model to which the Haitians had been accustomed. It was, from the Haitian standpoint, an importation, an imposition. Personally, I think it has much to commend it. But dictatorship makes inevitably for lack of understanding and lack of cooperation from those dictated to. The strike of December, 1929, broke out as a cumulative protest against certain changes in the school program and against the director, Dr. Freeman. After the riot and bloodshed the Collège de Damien, the normal school of the Service Technique, remained without pupils. Dr. Freeman resigned and left the island. Colvin, his immediate subordinate, was appointed to take his place. From the American standpoint the appointment was excellent. Colvin had been in Haiti eight years. He had acquired complete familiarity with his work and with the needs of vocational and agricultural education there. But the Haitians declared him to be the man "behind" the unpopular Freeman policies. The pupils have remained on strike. Actually Mr. Colvin supported his superior's policies as any subordinate should. He differed with Dr. Freeman on some important issues, particularly those which offended the Haitians. But the situation had become psychological. Nearly three hundred prospective teachers have received no training for over a year. The school stands empty. The American government insists that it would be a gross personal injustice to Mr. Colvin to withdraw him, and the impasse continues. How much better to have sounded out Haitian opinion before making the appointment! And how absurd to hold up the education of a people because of a single individual! It *is* unfair and unfortunate for Mr. Colvin. He is the victim not so much of Haitian misunderstanding, as of a state of mind which the Occupation created fifteen years ago and for which he, vicariously, suffers.

Considerable philosophic implications underlie the struggle to insure "efficiency" before we leave. The Haitians may not—undoubtedly will not—be quite so "efficient" in the conduct of certain of the services. "Efficiency," "mass production," and various other technological improvements are our specialties. It remains to be seen whether they make the world or ourselves any happier. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that they make *us* happier, which is disputable, it is even more dubious whether they would make the Haitians happier. It is highly pertinent that the highways built by the Occupation, invariably pointed to as an achievement and the justification of our invasion, have ruined the small Haitian cane grower and the small Haitian distiller. Both these represented a considerable industry, indigenous, responsive to the Haitians' needs. The cane was brought by the small growers on the backs of donkeys following long-existing trails to local distilleries scattered throughout the country. Highways have enabled the three great sugar- and rum-producing companies, the largest of which is the American-owned Haitian-American Sugar Company, by the use of automobiles, to put the little fellows—natives—out of business. It was not so intended. But it happened.

And so—apart from the fundamental fact that we never had right in Haiti except that which might confers—possibly the strongest argument against our whole Haitian venture from start to finish, including our now really well-intentioned efforts to "do it for their good," is, I believe, to be found in the assurance of the most convinced interventionists that the Haitians will "relapse after we get out."

To which I am tempted to ask in reply: What do you mean by "relapse"? If they are happier with us out, it won't be a relapse.

I am sure they will be happier.

Likewise, fifteen years of American occupation support convincingly the truth uttered a generation ago, when American imperialism was in its infancy, by Thomas Brackett Reed: "The best government of which a people is capable is a government which they establish for themselves. With all its imperfections, with all its shortcomings, it is always better adapted to them than any other government, even though invented by wiser men."

And are we even "wiser men"? We might have thought so—*in 1928*. But today! Seven million unemployed with no effective measures for relief; crime rampant—our larger cities helpless before the violence and corruption of gangster and racketeer; our "justice" exemplified on the Atlantic coast by the Tammany magistracy, on the Pacific by the California Supreme Court . . . and the rest. How capable are we in the management of even our own affairs?

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